

Femme Fatales

Summer 1994

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SEXY SALLY

Oscar Nominee Sally
Kirkland on Tough
Women Who Can Act

JUNE WILKINSON
CAMERON DIAZ
JEWEL SHEPARD
DONNA JASON

Volume 3 Number 1



PLUS: FILMING
"ABDUCTED II"

STINKY: LE HOMME FATALE

I really enjoyed *Femme Fatales* 2.3, especially the photo of that adorable brat Stinky on page 54. I love the old ABBOTT AND COSTELLO TV series, and I've always thought that Stinky was a real hunk. I brought my copy of *FF* to Romania with me when I shot DENIM AND DUST for Full Moon, and it was great to have Stinky keep me company through those cold Romanian nights.

Liz Kurlan
Los Angeles, California

STINKY-PHRENIA

It's a scandal! It's an outrage! As editor-in-chief of *Scarlet Street: The Magazine of Mystery and Horror*, it's come to my attention that Debbie Rochon, associate editor at that voluptuous volume called *Femme Fatales*, has been making snippy insinuations in *FF* about yours truly: to wit, that, at last fall's *Secaucus* Convention in Secaucus, New Jersey, I dressed myself up in a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit and roamed the halls in the early morning hours, pretending to be Stinky from THE ABBOTT AND COSTELLO SHOW and threatening to "harm" innocent passerby. Nothing could be further from the truth, and I've got the Mr. Baotagalupe costume to prove it!

Actually, this is not the first time I've been subject to this particular brand of sensationalism. During a period of some months in the early years of this decade, I was dogged by the rumor that I liked to fade up in three-piece business suits and pretend that I was one of many characters essayed by noted sitcom actor Gale Gordon. Week after week, wherever I went, people claimed they were snapped at by Mr. Mooney, Uncle Harry, and Osgood Conklin. When at last someone made a slip and accused me of dressing up as My Little Margie—a character played by Gale Storm, not Gordon—I knew that I was the victim of a vicious smear campaign (all right, I had the legs for it).

Ah, well—forgive and forget, I guess. And if anyone tells me that, at the same convention, Debbie shaved her head, stuffed a sponge in her mouth, and, answering to the name "Sidney Fields," threatened to evict everyone from the hotel—why, I'd be the first to defend her!

Richard Valley
Glen Rock, New Jersey

DEAR DEBBIE ROCHON

Congratulations once again on your many successes. I just read the *Femme Fatales* profile on you. While I must admit I've always found you to be talented and gutsy, I had no idea of your interesting past. I found the profile very fascinating. I was flattered to be included! Special congrats on the ABDUCTED II leading role. I can't wait to see it. Keep up the grand work.

Vivian Schilling
Evanston, California

P.S. Your cover photo was great!

VIVA VIVIAN!

I was glad to see Vivian Schilling again in the Summer '83 issue. I've become a big fan without ever seeing one of her movies! I wouldn't mind if Vivian was in every issue.

Barry McCallum
Alton, Illinois

Vivian Schilling is a great writer. I love her work (especially SOULTAKER). Unfortunately, I can't locate her novel, *Sacred Fry*. Where could I find a copy?

Bill Kindon
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

[Write directly to the publishers of *Sacred Trust* for purchasing information: Trueman Press, 16445 Ventura Blvd., Sherman Oaks, California 91403.]

FEMMES OF A DIFFERENT COLOR

I'd like to see a cover feature on *femme fatales* who are identified with action



Actress/writer Vivian Schilling is working on her second novel.

films: *PanGuer* (COFFY, FOX Y BROWN), *Tamara Dobson* (CLEOPATRA JONES, CHAINED HEAT), *Jessie Bell* (TNT JACKSON, POLICEWOMEN), *Rosanne Katon* (BODY AND SOUL, THE MUTH-ERS).

Would also like to see a cover feature on Moon Lee and Elaine Lui (ANGEL I & II, respectively), Yukari Oshima (ANGEL I, ANGEL'S MISSION), Terress Woo (ANGEL III).

Cliff Dunlap
Tacoma, Washington

[Thanks Cliff. Regarding your first paragraph: Debbie Rochon has already launched her retrospice, "Afro-American Action Heroines: Where Are They Now?", with a profile on Gloria Hendry (BLACK CASSAR, LIVE AND LET DIE, HELL UP IN HARLEM, etc.).

Regarding your second paragraph: Hong Kong correspondent Mike Leader recently submitted his own coverage of Asian action paladins titled "Far Eastern Femme Fatales." The initial installments of both chronicles will be printed next issue.]

PHYLLIS DAVIS

Even though I never got the letter written, I see you

picked up my (telepathic) wishes for an article on Phyllis Davis. I've missed her. All those rough-and-tumble private eye scrapes that VEGAS' Dan Tanna got into must have been easier to take when Bea Travis was there to administer some TLC. My favorite Phyllis Davis role was as the actress held hostage by her "fans" on FANTASY ISLAND. I've often wondered if Irving Wallace took action over that story's similarity to *The Fox Club*.

I'll put my next request in writing—for a feature on Deborah Shelton. In some ways, she's a successor to Phyllis Davis. She almost always plays the bad girl, but you have to believe she's actually sweet—or is she? And note the resemblance to Phyllis when Deborah plays a blonde in BLIND VISION and especially in her blonde-wig scene in the very hot SINS OF THE NIGHT.

Several months ago there was an informed I actually wanted to watch—with Deborah promoting the Nerelco Sakinella shaver I was tempted to create a bumper sticker: I'D RATHER BE DRIVING A SATINELLE—On the Deborah Shelton Test Course.

Martin Hendrickson
Norwalk, California

LOVE STORY

Thanks for your magazine, a celebration of the imagination. Please consider doing an article on the sexy yet demure star of THE BOOGEYMAN and THE DEVONVILLE TERROR: the actress/screenwriter with the resonant name Suzanne Love.

Scott E. Mann
Wyncote, Pennsylvania

FERRATTI PHOTOGRAPHER

Last issue's cover and centerfold of actress Rebecca Ferratti was taken by Newport Beach photographer Dominic Petrucci.

F A T A L E

It's official: Femme Fatale will be actively involved in casting **DAWN HUNTER**, an adaptation of the AC comic book character. Producer Mike Frankovich Jr. (**PURPLE RAIN**) has already cast Liza Hamilton in the title role, the fetching femme counterpart of 007 Hamilton's film credits include **SUMMER RENTAL** (with the late John Candy), **ARMED RESPONSE** and **CANNONBALL RUN**.

Frankovich, a production veteran whose starring credits include **THE GUNS OF NAVARONE**, created **DAWN HUNTER** and wrote her adventures which were adapted to comic book form by AC's Bill Black and Mark Henke. The movie's advance campaign comes the tag line, "The Cold War Gets Hot." Behind-the-scenes, Frankovich actually earned the KGB's cooperation with the script. "One agent told me," he recounts, "that, during the Cold War, the CIA and KGB worked together." He said,



As **IRONAT**'s sultry shark, Sherry Stevens meets a 105-lb. exotica dancer upon cocoa-buttered beach girls.

"We haven't always been the bad guys and neither have you!" Another AC classic, **ENFORCE**, will soon be translated to the screen (meanwhile, check out issue #74 of the comic book). Expanded coverage of both films in this magazine...starting next issue.

In regard to FF's participation with the casting, we asked Frankovich to specify the qualities that embody **DAWN HUNTER**'s femme fatale. "Beauty and intelligence," the producer promptly replied. **Written and directed by Steve**

Yeager, **JEKYLL & HYDE** debuted on a Baltimore stage in 1978. Yeager cast an unknown Kathleen Turner in the role of "Evil," a leggy charmer whom Hyde persecutes with his psychosocial discipline. Thirteen years later, Yeager made his debut as film director with **VAMPIRE ON THE BLOCK**, starring his childhood buddy Howard Rollins. Yeager vows that his 1994 project, **BAD TO THE BONE**, will "project the definitive, film noir interpretation of femme fatale: self-assertive and sexy." The script, co-written with actor Mark Ruffalo, is "devoid of female victimization. The premise involves an aborted drug deal that further ruptures an underworld wound. There are violent reprisals and abductions until...let's just say that sometimes it takes a woman to do a man's job." Yeager is noncommittal about his cast of femme fatales, but we'll spend a few looks next time around.

MORAY is currently in post-production. The title character is a genetically mutated 100-lb. eel who adapts to fresh water and has an insatiable appetite for human prey. Director Ken Waller describes the black comedy as "JAWS meets FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH." Shelly Stevens, Johanna Mularo, Shannon Vincent and Mercedes Moore are among **MORAY**'s debating favored femme. Ever more unique than the plot is a behind-the-scenes development: a young female, Cole Tamara Todd, serves as the film's producer and co-writer. "It's only that women aren't directly involved in the production of horror and fantasy film," explains Mr. Todd. "You need a woman's perspective, and sensitivity, to tell this type of movie to women." Todd, who reads a profusion of science fiction literature, claims that she is fed up with males who flaunt their professional supremacy. "Women depict themselves more constructively than men in this business," notes Todd. "Females have to be bitches to get things done, especially when one is working with low budgets. Horror and fantasy films are very male dominated. I think the reason that women aren't taken seriously is because they're stereotypically reduced to subordinate roles in these movies, and men generally assume all women linked to these films behave like victims and

screamers." Todd cites Vivian Schilling and Debbie Rochon as role models.

Cassandra Peterson (FF 1, 2 & 3) recently recorded **Elvira's Monster Hits**, a Halloween CD that Rhino Records is preparing for a fall release. The Mistress of the Dark waxes "Here Comes the Bride (of Frankenstein)" and "Monster Rag." Peterson completed the pilot episode of **THE ELVIRA SHOW**, but CBS television executives, who considered the show to be too scary, dropped the option. Undaunted, Peterson is shopping the pilot to other networks while seeking finance for her next film project, tentatively titled **ELVIRA VS. THE VAMPIRE WOMEN**.

The prolific Jim Wynorski is planning a remake of **Abbott and Costello's 1941 classic, HOLD THAT GHOST**. The producer/director is developing his version as a girls-in-a-haunted-house comedy in **HARD TO DIE** and, unlike the A&C comedy, "the fact won't be hidden in a mouse's head." The tentative title of the movie, currently in the casting process, is **SCARED TO PLEAS** (pretty subdued compared to the original working title).

Shirley Rose, next issue's cover woman, is adding another credit to her resume (**DOUBLE THREAT**, **MAXIMUM FORCE**, **KING OF THE KICKBOXERS**, et al). She recently wrapped work on **DEMON KNIGHT**, the first feature-length, non-episodic **TALES FROM THE**



Denise Richards is **BAD TO THE BONE**. A candidate for a role in the film, Rich appeared with **And Spend in LIFE 101**.

CRYPT movie. Rose, directed by Ernest Dickerson, portrays a diner waitress whose glamorous façade erodes in a transformation scene (courtesy of the wizard Todd Masters). The cast also includes Christopher Walken, Billy Zane, William Sadler—and the guy who drives the femme fatales really wild—Dick Miller.

Lorissa McCormick served as a **Playboy** Book of Lingerie cover woman, posed for **Haguna** and **Venus** swimwear ads, and was recently photographed as a **Surfer** centerfold (December '94 issue). She's a lot more amiable in feature films (**CAN IT BE LOVE? WISH ME LUCK**), and proved appealing enough to land a major role in **STORM SWEPT**. Kathleen Kinross and Melissa Moore co-star in the kinky horror film about a house occupied by the spirit of a lecherous slave master. McCormick points out that the scene of the movie's erotic footage was "decidedly more graphic for the European market but trimmed for the U.S. release, including a girl get scene. Basically, we shot two different versions of certain sequences." The actress/model's next project is a comedy scheduled for a shoot in Florida. □

Starting in **STORMSWEPT**, swimwear model Lorissa McCormick shot two different versions of the erotic scenes.



Totally Live Nude JEWEL

THE B-MOVIE BAD GIRL AND EX-STRIPPER REFUSES TO PEEL IN HER FORTHCOMING PROJECTS.

By GARY GARFINKEL

I really, really couldn't wait to interview Jewel Shepard. Actually, it wasn't the interview so much as firing the opening question. Let me explain. During an earlier conversation, Shepard enlightened me that her past q&n sessions always opened with, "So, where are you from?" And she hated that. It hit me like a ton of bricks because that's usually my own introductory question. So I changed all that. Faithful readers who actually read my Rebecca Ferratti interview may recall the initial inquiry: "So, what's your favorite sandwich?" Ferratti totally loved it, and she relaxed into a congenial mode for the balance of the interview. Hence, I credit Shepard for the monumental improvement in my journalistic prowess. Naturally, I intended to reciprocate by first addressing her with *The Jewel Question*...

"Jewel Shepard, what is your favorite sandwich?" Her reply: "A Clint Eastwood-Kevin Costner sandwich with lots of mayo." Excuse me? "You know, Clint on one side, Kevin on the other and me as baloney in the middle." I felt so



"The real Jewel never peels," notes Gary Garfinkel. "So, obviously, she was doing some serious smoldering in this scene from RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD."

naïve about asking Shepard for an explanation that I didn't even want to probe into the mayhem.

Shepard matured from childhood to adolescence while traveling all over the country. So how did she end up in Los Angeles? "I wanted to marry Clark Gable," Shepard recalls. "When I arrived in L.A., the first place I went was Clark Gable's star on Hollywood Boulevard. I just figured out that's where I'd find him. So I knelt down and started stroking Clark's star, thinking that if I rubbed it hard enough, maybe he'd come. And that's when this bum

shattered my whole dream by telling me that Clark Gable was dead...had been for, like, 20 years.

"I had seen GONE WITH THE WIND so many times as a kid, I just assumed he was still alive. I figured I'd meet him at some wild party and, after he looked at me, he'd want to marry me. I was young and innocent, give me a break! Looking back, I was in love with the Rhett Butler character, a strong and romantic man. Anyone who looked like Clark Gable would have fit the bill.

"I stayed wherever I could and worked at McDonald's in

Hollywood. Everyone who worked there was trying to be an actor, although no one was making any progress or really knew what to do. Acting sounded like a good idea to me and I figured if all of these dopes were trying it, I'd probably be pretty good. What made it official, though, was getting fired early on for not being fast enough on the fry machine. I think they also realized how much I hated that goofy uniform you have to wear. It wasn't revealing or anything.

"I asked everyone around how to become an actor, but no one really gave me any help. So I just looked up 'actors' in the phone book and got a listing for the Screen Actors Guild. I told the SAG operator that I wanted to be an actor, and she put me through to an assistant who asked if I had an agent. I said, 'No, what's an agent?,' and they sent me a list of agents to call. I called all the agents, and they wanted me to send in a resume and headshot. I didn't even know what that meant until someone clued me in. I had a real cheesy picture made and faked almost everything on my resume. All these high school plays I wanted to be in became a reality. I actually



Shepard was "whipped,
beaten, scratched,
clawed-you name it"
in **CAGED HEAT 2:
STUPID OF PRISONER**.
Cast as a CIA agent who
is trying to relocate a
deposed royal family, she is
tossed in the clinic. The film
was originally titled
PRISONER.



"This is Jewel's strip search, her moment of impact in *CAGED HEAT 2*," notes Gerfinkel (Shepard counters with "I flashed the screen for a millisecond"). Inset: Jewel practicing her Houdini act."



did play Lady Macbeth. But, of course, if I played her today it would probably be in a wet T-shirt."

Trying to crack L.A.'s most competitive profession, Shepard spent the next three years without job offers. "Even the scum of Hollywood weren't returning my calls," she explains. "I started to realize that this acting thing wasn't as easy as I had imagined. Finally, I talked to someone at an agency who got me started as an extra, and I did that for a few more years. Needless to say, I didn't even make enough money to support myself. Then an agent came along who told me that there were a lot of 'coming-of-age' movies filming around town, and if I was willing to take off my clothes, I could earn \$200.00 a day which in the late '70s was a ton of money, especially considering my poor financial condition."

"So I took off my top in a lot of movies that I couldn't

remember even if I tried, and collected my \$200.00 a day. I was stylin'. One movie I do remember was called *THE JUNKMAN* because, in addition to going topless, I also had one line of dialogue which allowed me to get my SAG card. The movie was directed by H.B. Halicki who was killed right after he shot his next film, when

a telephone pole fell on his head. That seemed really weird because, in all of his movies, he did these crazy car stunts. Anyway, that was how I really started my Hollywood career. Then, right after *THE JUNKMAN*, I started to get more and more work." Shepard's 1982 debut was shot on the cheap as "the ultimate car

chase film," more than 150 vehicles were demolished during production.

ZAPPED! released (for the final time) the immortal comedy team of Scott Baio and Willie Aames. The story: a horny teen taps into his psychic powers to disrobe passing females. "I was in a car and had my top telekinetically zapped-off by junior scientist, Scott Baio," recounts Shepard about her brief scene. "Naturally, they had to have a close-up of my boobs for the film. I was a brunette back then but, unfortunately, Scott wasn't hit on me. I was into him because he was Chachi [ABC's *JOANIE LOVES CHACHI* sitcom, which debuted and died in 1982], and I used to have his picture taped to my locker in high school."

The following year, Shepard was cast in *MY TUTOR*, another "coming-of-age" comedy that turned into a boxoffice sleeper. "I played a

Her *SENSELESS* video photographer was distracted by the Mail secretary. "Take the damned picture," snapped Shepard. "It's freezing." Obviously.



fantasy girl. I was in a phone booth when lead actor Matt Lattanzi sees me and dreams of having sex with me. In the fantasy sequence, he pulls me out of the phone booth, throws me into a limousine, rips off my top and starts to have sex with me. Come to think of it, that was the first time I was ever in. Olivia Newton-John, who was Matt's girlfriend, was on the set to make sure that everything was kosher. She was a nice woman who didn't seem to be jealous or anything."

Even though Shepard was finally performing in movies, albeit low-budget ones, there was a recurring theme in her on-screen assignments; namely, the cleavage-shirt-removal trick. "My only problem with it was that I felt my boobs were floppy," admits Shepard. "I mean, they were definitely floppy back then because those days were pre-boob job—you know, the natural thing. I would be topless in a scene and, as soon as I moved around, they would just be flopping around all over the place. I'm not saying they don't flop around anymore, they still do. It's just that now I can accept it because I'm older and wiser now."

Nudity was also required for *RAW FORCE*, a Philippine production that combined karate with a tribe of cannibalistic monks who literally cook up starlets. Shepard portrayed an alcoholic with loose moral values. "Once again, I got to show off my boobs and got several close-ups. I could always guarantee myself at least one close-up in films where I went topless. And, hey, you do whatever it takes to bring home the bacon."

Next up was *OPERATION OVERKILL*, which Shepard's critics may consider an appropriate description for the anatomic obligations of her roles. The actress portrayed a victim who is slaughtered and dumped in Lake Tahoe by her boyfriend. Most of this transpires while she's



"This is the body that Jewel built," notes Garfinkel. "When she was moving into her new house, I offered to help. I began by asking if I could personally take inventory of her underwear drawer. Jewel looked at me and replied: 'In another life.'"



Shepard as screenwriter: "My stories are male-oriented...I have no interest in writing for or about women."

topless.

During this period, Shepard supported herself by performing at Los Angeles strip clubs. Accumulating about a million stories after her ten-year stretch on various runways, Shepard has documented past experiences in her autobiographical book, *Totally Lave Nude Girls*. I'll sprinkle some of her "stripper" vignettes throughout this profile.

Shepard's 1984 assignments included her role as Crystal Landers, a Valley Girl who operates HOLLY-

WOOD HOT TUBS. "Can you believe that my boobs were actually under wraps in a movie about hot tubs?" exclaims an incredulous Shepard. "I wore a cut-off T-shirt the whole time, and I guess that since my boobs looked so good under this tiny, little T-shirt, I never had to take it off. I was very excited about that. I played a very annoying character in this movie, but in a cute way. Kati Shea Ruben was one of the Hot Tub girls, but she doesn't like to admit it because she's a big director now [Ruben directed Drew Barrymore in 1992's *POISON IVY*]." The movie was helmed by the late Chuck Vincent. "I never knew Chuck was gay," says Shepard. "He was a very nice man who made me feel secure around him, and on the set. He was also a talented filmmaker, he really knew how to move the camera. I wish he were still around."

Cast in the title role of *CHRISTINA*, a globe-trotting heiress, Shepard dyed her hair blonde. "This movie played on cable a few times and has just been lost ever since. It was originally made for *Plebe*y but I think the only place you can see it, at this point, is in Japan where it's in syndication or something. The nice



Right: Shepard's duality, "sweet & sexy, tough & nuts." Below: Rising from the drink, a la Chuck Norris, Shepard waxes hundreds of extras in *CAGED HEAT 2*.



part of making this film was that I spent four months in Spain, shooting in exotic locations all over the country."

So how did a formerly unemployed actress manage to land a string of B-movie roles? "For the most part, I got those roles through an agency which represented me. This particular agency specializes in movies needing nude women. You'd think that a Hollywood producer could just walk down the street and get a ton of girls to be naked in his movie. But it's really not that easy. Most women would probably freak out and slap his face

Plus, it would be very time consuming. That was earlier in my career, however, and now I have a real agent.

"Producers go to this agency and say, 'Get me three topless girls and two more for full nudity.' Then the agency just starts making calls out of their big Rolodex of actresses. The producer and director then have it easy because the actresses that are sent to them know exactly what they're getting into and, usually, there's no hassles; unless, of course, some sleazeball hires you for a topless scene and then expects you to do a fully nude sex scene with a gross actor. Don't think that doesn't happen!"

Shepard's crown jewel, so to speak, was *RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD*, released on 1,800 screens in 1985. The scale of its distribution matched the optimism usually reserved for studio blockbusters. Director Dan O'Bannon, who had written the screenplay for *ALIEN*, liberally peppered *RETURN*'s script with black humor. Shepard played a tame punk rocker linked with a gang of teenage muffs. Linnea Guegley was heir to the Trash role, though O'Bannon originally offered the character to Shepard. She declined. "I didn't want to run around a graveyard naked throughout the whole film," Shepard explains. "I begged him to let me have another part because I was sick and tired of taking my clothes off all the time. He said the only other role I could do was that of Casey, and I jumped on it. I was so happy."

"Linnea was amazing. I've never seen an actress go through as much as she did without complaining even once. She had to sit through hours of make-up and prosthetic preparation, then she was running all over the set, usually while completely nude. Then we had the rain scenes, and she would just stand out there for fifteen or twenty minutes while the rain machines got cranking

"If I was willing to take off my clothes, I earned \$200 a day," said Shepard. "So I took off my top in a lot of movies I couldn't remember even if I tried."



Shepard scored as Crystal Lenders in *HOLLYWOOD HOT TUBS 2* (1986). A third *HOT TUBS* installment, announced in 1992, remains unproduced.

and, once that started up, she was just drenched and covered from head to toe in mud."

Let's take time out for an excerpt from Shepard's book, *Totally Live Nude Girls*: Apparently, sports stars strolled into the strip clubs where Shepard entertained (she reveals the names of celebrities, including actors). Strippers tried to

impress the VIPs with outrageous table dances, hoping to land sugar daddies. But when average guys—like you and me—saunter into a club, the dancers just size us up and work us over. They'll come over and flirt, maybe get real close so we can smell their hair and stuff. And, at just about that point, we're history.

GOING UNDERCOVER

Shepard liberally wrote the book on the "B-girl" invasion. Among the interviewed actresses, who supported Shepard's promotional campaign (left to right): Kelli Maroney, Michelle Bauer, Monique Gabrielle, Decky LaBeau and Linnea Guegley.



involved a private investigator who guards a vacationing rich girl. In addition to Shepard, the cast included Les Thompson, Chris Lemmon and Adam West. "I played Panches Brilliant, who was Chris' sister and Batman [West] was our dad," smiles Shepard. "Les was just about to start a small film called *BACK TO THE FUTURE*, and she was in a real hurry to finish so she could get started on it." There's a certain inflection in Shepard's voice that suggests she and Thompson weren't exactly bosom buddies. "Was she a bitch? Did you two have a catfight?" I excitedly ask. I just love grilling our *femmes fatales* on girl-girl stuff like this. "Let's just say she was real anxious to get out of there," Shepard replies. Damn, I hate diplomacy. I want good dirt.

She subsequently portrayed Dyanne Stein in *PARTY CAMP* (1987), a weak imitation of *MEATBALLS*. "I got thrashed by the critics in this movie and, when you watch it, it's pretty much justified because my performance absolutely sucks. I did look good, though." I thought it was pretty cool that Shepard candidly panned her own performance, but her self-designing review was followed by a defense. "I basically took a chance on this

role. I made my character a real lightweight goody-goody at first, and then I expose her as a total bitch underneath it all. But this transformation took place as the film progressed. Little did I know that all the transformation scenes would be cut, and the film was left with two entirely different performances that made no sense. Therefore, to a viewer who sees the final cut, my performance sucked."

SCENES FROM THE GOLDMINE, directed by Marc Rocco on a more substantial budget, cast Shepard as Catherine Mary Stewart's best friend. "While this was probably the easiest role I've had in my career," Shepard says cautiously, "it was also the most painful. There were just a lot of creative and personal differences that went around, and I still have a good deal of bitterness at what went down and how the film turned out. That's about all I want to be quoted on for this movie."

A Javel Shepard footnote on table dancing: according to California law, a woman is permitted to dance topless in front of men as long as she retains a 6-inch distance from her audience. Table dancing proved preferable

With Catherine Mary Stewart in **SCENES FROM THE GOLDMINE**, Shepard is "bitter" about production conflicts



"I did enough 'boob job' movies, I was tired of it. I felt like it wasn't important to me to be an actress, if it meant being half-naked all the time."



"This photo is from **PAKEY CAMP**," explains Shepard. "That's the film where I taught pupils how to shoot. The kid next to me is the director's son."

for strippers who weren't collecting enough dough off the runway. It's a simple procedure. A stripper and her customer select a table and chair in a darker quarter of a club; she gyrates on the surface of the table, performing a "special and private" show for her admirer. Price for this human smorgasbord: up to \$30.00 per song.

NIGHT SCHOOLS's cast of characters was an alumnus of horny, adult students. The film was released as **THE UNDERACHIEVERS** (1987) with the title role(s) played by Barbara Carrera, Edward Albert, Garrett Morris and the late Vic Tayback. "I got to dress up in this funky **STAR TREK** outfit, and would beam off certain students," says Shepard as she reflects on her role as a teacher. "The movie went through so many script, cast and crew changes, while we were in production, that it ended up being a real mess."

Shepard reprised her role as Crystal Landers in the most eagerly-awaited sequel of the decade, **HOLLYWOOD HOT TUBS II**

(1989). This time around, Crystal attends college for further education on hot tub management, meanwhile, a wealthy Arab targets her company for a hostile takeover bid. Yep, this picture has it all. On the plus side, Shepard developed a really, really good tan.

Cast as a hooker with bad eyesight, Shepard joined B-veterans Delia Sheppard and Brinke Stevens for **ROOTS OF EVIL** (1991). So how did she prep for a character who was nearly blind? "Prep? I read a book upside down and bumped into a few things while we filmed. That was about it." During one sequence, Shepard is tossed into prison and "somehow, my top got ripped off." That scenario sounded vaguely familiar—suddenly, I realize that we pretty much concluded our "boob count" a couple of pages ago. Good reason, too, Shepard is making a conscious effort to halt the removal of her halter. "I did enough of those boob jobs to the point where I was tired

of it, plain and simple," she explains. "I felt like it wasn't that important to me to be an actress anymore, if it meant being half naked all the time. I just didn't need it, financially or mentally. So I simply stopped doing those kinds of roles for a while."

Her latest film, **PRISONERS**, will debut on video as **CAGED HEAT 2: STRIPPED OF FREEDOM**. Shepard plays a CIA agent who ends up in a Philippine prison while trying to relocate a deposed king and his daughter. "I was really put through the wringer in this film," says Shepard. "I get whipped, beaten, scratched, clawed, you name it, most of which was in this big field of mud while torrential rain showers poured onto my head. I detail a lot of the misery of this shoot in my book. It's amazing what actresses go through, or rather get put through, just to make a stupid movie. In the end, I kill about 500 guys with one revolver and save this little blonde chick from certain death. In fact, after this film, I will have killed thousands of people in my movie career—all men—while only having been killed twice myself."

I asked Shepard for some sexy, off-camera stories regarding her personal life. "I don't know, I'm pretty conservative in real life," she shrugs. *Is that all there is?* "Okay, okay," she replied, surrendering to my interrogation. "I sleep in the nude."

One of Shepard's goals is to be cast in **SPECIES**, a film about a human organism that is "born" in a Petri dish. She's reading for director Roger Donaldson, hoping to nab a pivotal role. "There were two other films that I read for of significance," she reveals. "I read with Mel Gibson for a really good part in **FOREVER YOUNG**, but eventually lost out to the screenwriter's girlfriend. She promptly dumped him once she got the role, so at least that part of it was cool. I also read with Ray Liotta for the part in **UNLAWFUL**

ENTRY of a girl who wants to have sex with him all the time. I climbed all over Ray in the audition, and I can tell you this much: he was definitely into it. But in a typical Hollywood story, the role went to a woman who ended up being his girlfriend. How many times have we heard that one?"

Shepard recently completed work on *SCANNER COP II*, and is currently preoccupied with writing her own screenplays. "I'm at different stages on a couple of scripts. They're all male-oriented stories because I only want to write for guys. I have no interest in writing for or about women. That may sound strange, but it's simply economics. Macho-action stories are where all the money is at, and I'm certainly not going to change the world any for actresses by miraculously writing some *THELMA AND LOUISE*-type script. Nope, I'll just stick to the odds and hope that one of my he-man scripts makes it big."

Another future possibility is the optioning of Shepard's first book, *Lessons of the B-Girls*, into a Dick Clark production, an A-movie about B-cult celebrities. "I was asking all of my peers about their lives, both personal and professional," notes Shepard about *B-Girls*, "and it just dawned on me to turn all of this information into a book. Plus, unemployment pretty much drove me into it. The girls were really great about it and, in the end, everyone got a truckload of excellent publicity."

Anyway, later this year, look for Shepard's *Totally Live Nude Girls* at bookstores near you. And when you read the part about this beautiful, tall, blonde stripper named Candy, just remember that she was my all-time favorite entertainer...so much so, in fact, that I wanted to buy a T-shirt with "I Love Candy" emblazoned across the chest and wait for her to do one of her dance routines and then

continued on page 66



"How you know why her mother named her Jewel," explains Garfield. "After seeing Jewel in so many bikini shots, I volunteered to do our interview in my swimming trunks. I thought she'd be more comfortable. But Jewel politely declined."

REVENGE OF THE CALENDAR GIRLS

INITIALLY WRITTEN AS A SEXY HORROR FILM, PAPER PIN-UPS
TRANSFORM INTO LIVING DOLLS...THEY'RE UNDRESSED TO KILL.

BY GARY GARFINKEL

Earlier this summer, my grapevine sources reported that a low-budget picture called *REVENGE OF THE CALENDAR GIRLS* was in the works. The title caught my attention, so I alerted one of my Hollywood snoops to check-up on the production's background. Two days later, my snoop calls me: "Hey Gary, did you ever see *REVENGE OF THE NERDS*—?" Only like a hundred times. It was the unauthorized documentary of my adolescent life in New Jersey. "Well, *REVENGE OF THE CALENDAR GIRLS* is just like *NERDS*... except that instead of being about a legion of wimps like yourself, it's about a legion of beautiful babes who take it out on big, bad guys." Check.

Robert Blake Whitehall's script opens in a nowhere-ville garage, which serves as a home for scumbag auto mechanics. Things get interesting when a half dozen babes mystically abandon their still life existence as calendar pin-ups. The women, personifying 2000 years of abuse and exploita-



Winners of the auditioning competition, who were cast as the six *CALENDAR GIRLS*, pose on the first day of shooting at "The Passion Pit" location.

tion, conspire to wipe out the garage's "boy's club." It's a feminist fable disguised as an exploitation movie (or vice versa?).

Michael Candola, the film's casting director, previously hired the fetching on-camera talent for *BLINK! SUMMER*, *LURID TALES*, *DENIM & LACE 2000*, et al. "For *CALENDAR GIRLS*," explains Candola, "I went to my personal files which total more than 25,000 actors. I have cate-

gories based on which girls do nudity and the erotic stuff. I found 200 girls that I liked for various parts and called them in to read over a two-day period. About 60 girls got callbacks and had an opportunity to read a full scene. Of these, 30 were chosen and asked to do a striptease because, by this time, we knew they could act.

"The girls could strip down to as little as they were comfortable with, and do whatever dance routine

they chose. Most of them were topless, but some elected to do their dance fully nude. Of course, the striptease showed us what the girls would look like on-camera but, really, it was more important to see what kind of sensuality they gave off. That was the most important thing because just about every girl, from the very beginning, had a great body. And our final selections provided us with six calendar girls, who all do full nudity in the film."

Attending one of the final casting sessions, I scanned youthful ingenues all over the place, reading their lines one final time and repeatedly checking their hair. Rachel Saelman, whom I previously interviewed on the set of *BLONDE HEAVEN* (FF 2.4), was among the auditioning actresses. She had a few minutes to chat: "My manager called me to say that I was up for casting with Michael, who cast me in my last movie. There were so many pretty girls, every color, look, height that you can imagine. I got two callbacks, the last one was when we went down to swim for the body check. They



were very professional about it, and you have to understand going in that there's going to be a body check if there's nudity in a film. It was the same thing for *BLONDE HEAVEN* and I'm happy to say that, since that movie, I've gotten an agent.

"Unfortunately, I didn't get to be one of the six calendar girls, but they liked me enough to want me in the movie. So I was cast as the wife of a total jerk who drives a Rolls Royce into the garage. But I just found out today that they upped my part so, in addition to the wife, I'll also play the assistant to Calendra who is sort of the mother hen of the calendar girls. I'll have more lines and scenes to be in."

According to Saalman, the film's perspective has altered since she was initially tapped for a role. Producer Ruben Mazzini con-

CALENDAR GIRL: Tinseltown did some impromptu production office posing for Gary Gershman.





CALENDAR GIRL prospect Raelyn Saalman posed for *Girlfriend* by an open window, unintentionally drawing the attention of street eagles.

curs that CALENDAR GIRLS has transformed from sexy horror to sexy comedy. The film's working title was GARAGE GIRLS FROM HELL, promoted with an art rendering of beautiful women gruesomely wiping out the dirtball mechanics. The screenplay was eventually rewritten, scotching the gore and

stressing the humor. The final draft of the shooting script turned out to be anemic on the blood count; the calendar girls pretty much just vaporize their victims.

I later became acquainted with Tina Hollimon, who recently completed BEACH BARES FROM BEYOND 2. She's a real charmer, about 5'3" with dark olive skin

THE CASTING DIRECTOR:

"The girls could strip down to as little as they were comfortable with... Most of them were topless, but some elected to do their dance fully nude."

and built like the perennial brick outhouse. "I heard about CALENDAR GIRLS through the grapevine," smiles Hollimon. "I had three callbacks, which is a lot, but I guess it was because there were just so many people and the fact that the director [James Hill] was very compassionate, giving everyone an equal chance to land a role. I did a dance and interacted with one of the male leads to show that I was comfortable with having to be nude. It wasn't difficult, I like dancing and, besides, I don't have anything that these guys haven't seen before."

Hollimon was eventually cast as Holly Mistletoe, one of the calendar girls: "I'm Miss December and I seduce and kill—excuse me, vaporize—one of the mechanics named Mort. According to the script, the seduction scene takes place in the shower and we'll see if that's the way it ends up being shot for the movie. I'll be working for three days and I have a total of 22 lines, although there's a lot of interacting and dancing. I think what got me the part was during the audition, I really got into it and the man who I was acting with started getting into it, too. He knelt down and I crawled up to him and throw him against the wall. When I made him stand back up, I crawled up his body and licked his leg and they went crazy."

OK, since *Femme Fatales* traditionally rejects press kits—nearly everything has to be personalized for this magazine—I packed a camera. Raelyn Saalman, clad in black bra, struck some poses in the production office. Opening the blinds, I

thought she would look even more photogenic while basking in the sunlight. Leaning out the window sill, Saalman drew some attention. "Just one more, mommy," cries a hum three floors below. "—PLEASE, give me one more!" Saalman stuck her head out the open window and screamed, "Buy the magazine, buddy! It's called *Femmes Fatales*, tell all your friends," Saalman then halted out of the office to begin her shift at the Red Lobster restaurant.

Hollimon had a little more time to spare, and we did a series of poses in some hikinis (not me, Hollimon). The indisputable highlight of the day: when Hollimon asked me to fasten her bikini top from the back. "Gary, undo it and tie it tight this time, and I mean really tight," instructed Hollimon. But I kept tying the bikini strings loose. "I'm not sure if I was afraid of constricting her windpipe, or if I really wanted to hear Hollimon repeat, 'Gary, undo it' a few more times."

REVENGE OF THE CALENDAR GIRLS is scheduled for shooting in mid-June. The filmmakers literally can't afford to be distracted by the brevity of the "calendar girl" wardrobe. The budget is tighter than the dental floss bikini, and there's a 75-page script to shoot on a limited schedule (speculated running time of the film, including the opening and ending credit crawls: 80 minutes). Reminds me of a famous B-movie director who told me that he adheres to a simple proverb: "There's only two things that matter in life—production and reproduction." Check. □



Top: "Tina Turner, who plays Miss Genunder, is no stranger to bikini," says Garfinkel. "She recently wrapped BEACH BABES FROM BEYOND 2." Bottom: "Tina's date gets as rough as Tina."





"Bely is totally
uninhibited," sighs
writer Gary Gerfinke.
"She had no qualms in
regard to posing topless
for PP. Bely is proof
there is life for women
over 40, even in
Hollywood. Incidentally,
that's my head attached
to her zipper."

In Bed with SALLY KIRKLAND

A THIRTY-YEAR CHRONICLE OF A RENAISSANCE WOMAN: OSCAR NOMINEE. PRODUCER. AND MATURE STAR OF EROTIC THRILLERS.

By GARY GARFINKEL

I'll always remember the winter of '94 as my winter with Sally Kirkland. Not that we moved in together or anything, but whereas my usual *Femme Fatales* interview rarely exceeds two hours, my interview with Sally was conducted over the course of four months.

Granted, I live in Los Angeles where the temperature this past Christmas Day was 72 degrees above zero (with the wind chill). But the nights here can get a bit nippy, so if you had to curl up in front of a fire on a cool winter night with nothing on but a tape recorder, wouldn't you want to do it with Sally Kirkland? I would... Definitely.

So let's get started with this odyssey, shall we? Find a comfortable chair, pop open a cold one and relax. Because this one's going to be an epic.

LOG-IN:

NOVEMBER 3, 1993.

CHAPTER 1:

IN BED WITH SALLY KIRKLAND.

I have to make one thing clear—nothing happened. But that's not to say I'm a total liar. Sally and I did have a 4-hour q&a mara-



"TWO EYE, EYES is Sally's only lesser film," jokes Garfinkel. "She shared a scene with her icing-time friend Harvey Keitel in the 'The Black Cat' episode."

thon on her fluffy bed that's filled with teddy bears. It's just that it was me on one side of the mattress, Sally on the other, and this damn tape recorder between us. Anyway, now that I've got your attention...

Day 1

I was initially acquainted with Sally at a charity telethon. This woman is amazing, she's done everything and knows everyone. Within five minutes, we were rapping with hosts Joan Van Ark and Edward James Olmos. Sally went to work in front of the cameras, and then it was off to her place for the interview.

How can I possibly describe

her apartment? It's like the Taj Mahal meets Gold's Gym. First of all, there's spiritual icons everywhere; statues, candles, trinkets, not to mention the paintings that demonstrate Sally's artistic flair. I don't know about you, but that stuff makes me a little bit nervous. After a while, however, you start to get used to it. A profusion of workout equipment, every machine known to man, offers some insight on the maintenance of Sally's 5'9", 133 lbs. physique. And she's accumulated a library of videos, books and CDs. All over the place. Throw in a few decades worth of Sally Kirkland

memorabilia, and you've got the picture.

Feeling fatigued, Sally succinctly told me that she needed to lie down during our chat. So off we went to the bedroom. There was no chair, so I sheepishly took my little spot on one side of the bed. Sally changed into something "a little more comfortable," which turned out to be a skin-tight Lycra body suit. I told her the first thing that popped in my mind: "Sally, Lycra is your color." And, with that, we talked and talked and talked...

Born in New York City, Sally Kirkland grew up in an entertainment environment. Attending an all-girls school, Sally's acting skills and height prompted her to be routinely cast in school plays as the male lead. "After high school," she explains, "I became the youngest person to study at Lee Strasberg's Actors Studio in New York. That was an incredible time for the Actors Studio. Paul Newman, DeNiro, Pacino, Liza Minnelli, Streisand, Dustin Hoffman and Jane Fonda were all studying there. It was so much fun to work and hang out with these intense actors, all of whom would later go on to become the superstars of the next genera-



Kirkland was cast as a rock star in *REVENGE*. To prepare for the role, the actress "followed Bob Dylan through all cities of a concert tour."

tion. I eventually worked with most of these people in movies or theatre." Years later, Barbra Streisand wrote in her autobiography that her single greatest acting experience was working with Sally in scenes from *ROMEO AND JULIET*, which were performed at the Actors Studio.

"After I worked on the stage," continues Sally, "I got my first film role, a non-speaking part in *THIRTEEN MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN*, one of Andy Warhol's first movies. This film featured Mary Woronov. I then did my first Hollywood movie—or, actually, movies—because Paramount tried something different. We shot this film called *BLUE* in Moab, Utah. It was a little Western with Terence Stamp and Karl Malden. At the same time, another film was being shot around this one called *FADE-IN*, about

a female editor who falls in love with a man she meets on a movie set. The man was played by Burt Reynolds."

"Then I flew to Los Angeles to do *GOING HOME*, where I played Robert Mitchum's wife in a series of his flashbacks as a younger man. Jan-Michael Vincent was also in the movie. I went back to New York and did three movies there: *BRAND X*, which was Sam Shepard's film debut, *FUTZ* in which I rode a 500-pound pig while totally nude, and *COMING APAK* with Rip Torn. These movies were rated X although, today, they would be considered an R."

"I lived for two years in a tiny \$38-a-month apartment which was next to a sanitation department. No one wanted to live there. The bathtub was in the kitchen and the toilet was in a closet. I lived without

possessions, no mirrors, newspapers, TV or radio. I was celibate and did no acting. This process was my attempt to get God-realized; however, at the time, I had these three X-rated films in theaters around the country."

Then came a transitional period in Sally's career; she was starting to head mainstream. "At this time, I was a certified yoga instructor, teaching fourteen classes a week. I went away on a retreat in the Smokey Mountains, not telling anyone where I was. Eventually, when I called home, my parents and agent were frantic because it looked like I was going to get roles in *THE WAY WE WERE* and *THE STING*. And I did. In *THE WAY WE WERE*, I played Barbra Streisand's Communist girlfriend in some scenes we had at the Plaza Hotel in New York."

Sally developed a friendship with the film's male lead, Robert Redford. "He really went to bat for me when I was up for the role of Crystal, the strapper, in *THE STING*," she recalls. "George Roy Hill, the film's director, originally wanted Valerie

Perrine. Eventually, with a little help from Bob, I got the part."

"We shot *THE STING* in Los Angeles, and I came out here with nothing but a duffel bag and a G-string for my part. During rehearsals, Redford would watch me go through my yoga routines and, eventually, I taught him yoga. In addition to working on the movie, I also came out to find the Satya Sai Baba Yoga Center to continue my yoga instruction."

Next came *CINDERELLA LIBERTY* (1973). Sally, cast as a pool hall hooker, is smitten with James Caan but loses him to Marsha Mason. "The way this movie was shot, my character gets Caan back to my place and we had a steamy love scene together. But the original cut was way too long, and they were worried about problems with the MPAA ratings board. So I ended up dancing with him in the bar, and then he sits at a table where he spots Marsha playing pool."

Roger Corman gave Sally a shot at working behind the camera in *CANDY STRIPE NURSES* (1974), a

"THE HAUNTED: A TRUE STORY is one of my best performances," notes Kirkland. "A year after it came out, the Church admitted to practicing exorcism."



sex farce starring New World bombshell Candice Rialson (*FF 2*). "I cast this picture and, sure enough, Roger and his wife Jube talked me into a role as well," recounts Sally. "I then took roles in *BIG BAD MAMA* and *CRAZY MAMA* because, at that time, it was all about building up my resume and those films starred Angie Dickinson and Cloris Leachman as the mamas. They were sexy, fun movies and *CRAZY MAMA* was one of Jonathan Demme's first movies, back in his exploitation days.

"Early on, I was totally committed and focused on becoming a movie star and I was running in the fast lane. Hallucinogenic drugs were running rampant in the '60s, and I participated in an LSD experiment that was supervised by a team of physicians and written about in a *Time* magazine cover story. The negative effects on me from this experiment led to damage, which requires medical attention to this day. These problems, in conjunction with the difficulty and pressure of trying to get acting jobs while living in the shadow of a famous mother, [a fashion editor] led to a nervous breakdown and several suicide attempts. One time, I was pronounced clinically dead and had a 'life-after-life' experience. After being revived and going through a recovery period, I returned a different person and looked at acting in a new way. I wanted to use my power as an actress to change the world in some way, and to help people. I became an ordained minister and teacher."

In fact, Sally estimates that she has provided over 3,000 students with dramatic training—

It was getting late, Sally was younging. Much to my chagrin, our bedroom frolics were over.



"Sally is a very unrestrained lady," says Garfield. "But she loved the hardbouts. So..."

**LOG-IN:
NOVEMBER 17, 1993.
CHAPTER 2:
GOING OUT WITH
SALLY KIRKLAND.**

Sometimes in the afternoon, while working at my real job, I get a call from Sally. Seems she was going to a movie screening, and wanted to know if I'd like to go with her. So I'm thinking, "I get to out on a date with Sally Kirkland and see a movie for free. Man, this *Penne Potatoes* stuff is pretty cool."

By nightfall, we're in a screening room watching *THE SAINT OF FORT WASHINGTON* which had

some fairly violent scenes. Sally, being a typical girl, got scared and buried her head around my armpit area. I didn't know what to do. I felt like I was back in high school on my first date, taking Denise Naylor to see *PHANTASM* in Pennsauken, New Jersey. So I put my arm around Sally. And that's all I did. (Are we noticing a trend here?) Come to think of it, that's all I did with Denise Naylor, too. Talk about the ultimate was.

Back at Sally's place, we picked up the conversation with *BREAKHEART PASS*, a 1976 Western that served as a vehicle for Charles

Bronson and his real life spouse Jill Ireland. Sally, as a fast-talking hooker named Jane-Marie, has a few scenes at the beginning of the film. "Charles and Jill were inseparable during the whole movie," she smiles. "They were so much in love, you could actually see it on screen."

As Officer Joan Harley, girlfriend of series star Jack Palance, Sally performed in the short-lived CBS show *BRONK* ('75-'76). "It was funny because, at the time, I had a place in the desert and I would rush out to the set. Well, I was always getting pulled over by the cops for speeding. But they would recognize me from *BRONK*, where I played a policewoman, and let me go."

BITE THE BULLET (1975), director Richard Brooks' all-star adventure about a 800-mile horse race, set something of a precedent. Sally endured the longest on-location shoot of her career, a total of 10 weeks. "I was out there for so long because I had a good-sized role in this movie. But when a lot of my scenes got cut, I remember Brooks saying to me, 'Kid, you're going to be a star someday, but not in this movie. This is a supporting role, not a lead, and you're too good. Supporting players aren't supposed to be that good, and the audience will get more involved with you than they should, so I'm going to cut half your scenes.' I think what it came down to was that I had a leading lady presence, which was interfering with the leading ladies."

During the same year, Sally was cast in *DEATH SCREAM*, one of more than thirty movies that she eventually made for television. The film was based on the true story of assault victim Kitty Genovese, whose cries for help were ignored by her neighbors. Sally needed no introduction to co-star Raul

Julia; years before, Julia was her real-life boyfriend.

The 1976 remake of *A STAR IS BORN* not only reunited Sally with Barbra Streisand but inspired a certain solidarity with co-star Kris Kristofferson. "I played a photographer hired by Barbra for a photo session. In real life, I fell in love with Kris, as we were both separated from our spouses."

The Smaller Movies...

FATAL GAMES (1984), a slasher quickie, soon found a compatible home on the video market. Sally was cast as a psychotic who preyed upon female athletes, among them Teal Roberts, Linnea Quigley, and Brinke Stevens: "I took this part because Chris Mankiewicz, director Joseph L. Mankiewicz's son, was producing—and because I needed rent money. There was also the challenge of playing a transsexual and a killer, neither of which I had done before."

"TALKING WALLS" (1987) was directed by Stephen Verona, and I had been in an earlier film of his called *PIPE DREAMS* with Gladys Knight. He needed a favor and I was happy to oblige. Also, I was always impressed with Stephen's ability to cast fresh talent. Verona discovered and hired actors for a fraction of the salary they later demanded as big studio commodities. Before they respectively hit paydirt as Rocky and "The Fonz," Sylvester Stallone and Henry Winkler starred in Verona's *LORDS OF FLATBUSH* (1974).

HUMAN HIGHWAY, directed by rock star Neil Young, introduced DEVO to film audiences. "Interestingly," comments Sally, who co-starred with Dennis Hopper and Dean Stockwell, "the stage manager at the Raleigh Studios, where we



"Sally as a rebel," notes Garfunkel. "Sally loved the feel of the jacket on her skin."

shot, was a young unknown named Kevin Costner."

The Oscar nomination

Moving back to New York, Sally performed in theatre. One role, which required her to portray someone of Czechoslovakian descent, prompted Sally's casting in a film written by EUROPA, EUROPA director Agnieszka Holland and helmed by Yurek Bogayevicz. Tackling the title role of ANNA, Sally played a fading Czech star struggling in New York who tutors a young, inexperienced actress.

Critics were impressed

with the inner turmoil that Sally invested in her character, particularly the pride that cracks under the strain of jealousy when her youthful protégé rockets to stardom. *The Los Angeles Times* described her performance as one of the five best of the decade. Sally was declared the 1987 winner of the Golden Globe Award, the L.A. Film Critics Award, the Independent Spirit Award and the Women in Film Award. Along the way, she also earned an Oscar nomination as Best Actress.

"I had to fight for that role," explains Sally, "it was

truly a story of perseverance and determination. Yurek never really wanted me for the role, he kind of inherited me after his first three choices passed on it. But I kept at it, promising to learn the accent in two weeks. Afterwards, he told me that he felt so lucky because I really was Anna."

Supermodel Poulina Porizkova was cast as Anna's impetuous. "We had a wonderful time trading energies," smiles Sally. "She taught me Czech and I taught her acting. It was art imitating life to a degree, because she came in with limited acting skills and I've taught acting for many years, making it a natural teaching experience. She was a great student. I also thought that people would come to see the film because she was the top model in the world at the time."

Considering the accolades and awards for ANNA, why hasn't Sally been offered roles of similar magnitude? "I am exhausted from answering this question by now, because it makes me feel like I have done something wrong," she crisply replies. "Very simply, I've done the best roles and stories that have been offered to me. It's not often that a script like ANNA comes along and when they do, Susan Sarandon and Glenn Close get it first. I admit that my movie choices haven't been perfect, but I've always taken the best of what's been offered me and tried to make the most of it." Flashing a sarcastic grin, she adds, "There really aren't many roles out there for mature women, anyway."

Oscar night

"The minute they said the Academy Awards would be telecast by satellite, to so many countries for the first time," relates Sally, "I knew that Cher would probably win because she was known

STAY STRAPPED stripper Melinda Rene is very close to Kirkland... "She's the way I am with my girls, children, in love, in relationships."





Feeling her in *THE HEAT OF PASSION* scenes may be terribly impressioned. Kirkland comfortably cast Nick Corni—"a friend and former student"—as her lead.

around the world. I think the nomination for *ANNA* opened the door for someone like Daniel Day-Lewis to be recognized in such a small, independent film as *MY LEFT FOOT*." It's an opinion shared by an *L.A. Times* writer who suggested that Sally and Best Actor nominee Marcello Mastroianni would have been the winners had the '87 competition been gauged on talent. But, based on big business and commercialism, Cher and Michael Douglas were the inevitable choices.

"I was totally out of my body," recalls Sally about the Oscar ceremony, "—just floating. I remember Jack Nicholson coming over to wish me luck and Richard Dreyfuss saying, 'Hold on to this feeling,' to which I

replied, 'What are you talking about, Richard? Don't you think I'll be back here again?' What the nomination did was, it made me feel complete; as if no matter what else happened, I could relax a little. But you never really just relax, you always want to go forward."

Roles after *ANNA*

The year following her Oscar nomination, Sally was cast as a crack addict in *WHITE HOT* (1988). "This was a low-budget movie that I did for several reasons. First, I needed the money. But I also like roles, such as this one, because it requires a full range of emotions and, hopefully, it sent a strong anti-drug message to anyone who saw it. This film was directed by Robby

SALLY KIRKLAND

"I have been nude many times in many movies, but I almost never do full frontal nudity because I think there's value in keeping some mystery."

Benson and I'm always interested in working for actor-directors. Robby was good in that he let me improvise and try new things."

HIGH STAKES (1989) was another film that economized on cost but not on character. Sally played Melanie Rose, a stripper linked to small-time hoods who finds romance with a rich investment banker. "I rewrote a lot of the script involving my character, and I always tell people that if you want to see some of my best work, watch this performance. *ANNA* was tougher to do because of learning the Czechoslovakian dialect and mannerisms, but Melanie Rose was very close to me—the way I am with men, with children, in love, in relationships. It was almost like a private moment because I see myself as a romantic figure and it was a romantic story."

COLD FEET: "I improvised with Keith Carradine and Tom Waits, and it was neat to be with two people that I really love. I wanted to do comedy just to show people another side of what

I can do. I recently did a movie in which I played a pioneering woman who is raising a family in a small desert town. I remember the *Los Angeles Weekly* wrote that I was 'unrecognizably good,' which was nice except it also suggested that all I did was low-budget erotic thrillers. My own feeling is that I don't fit into any niche or—better yet—as a journalist once wrote, 'Sally Kirkland has been tragically underutilized.' Well, that's the fucking truth."

PAINT IT BLACK introduced Sally to the "erotic thriller" genre. Directed by Tim Hunter, who previously helmed *THE RIVER'S EDGE*, she played a shady art dealer opposite Rick Rossovich. "This was an interesting movie mainly because Hunter is an interesting director. My former agency William Morris and I were doubtful of my working in an erotic thriller at the time, so I kept turning the part down. But I was offered more and more money to the point where it was hard to decline, particularly because Dan Ireland, who was producing, had distrib-

On the set of *DOUBLE THREAT*: Kirkland relaxes between takes of the erotic thriller with Sherry Rose, who will serve as the "lover woman" of the next PP.



ated ANNA."

BEST OF THE BEST (1990): "This was a commercial martial arts movie. I still got a lot of kids stopping me on the street and saying, 'Hi, Coach Wade!' It was nice to work with James Earl Jones again, he and I did a show together when I was seventeen. Eric Roberts was going through a volatile period in his life at that time, but I think he is a brilliant actor."

BULLSEYE: "I thought right away the script needed to be rewritten when I first read it, because I couldn't really understand what was going on. Since they never really cleared it up, I treated the whole experience as being lucky to work with Michael Caine and Roger Moore, and I just made it as fun as I could. In the end, it was a silly caper film much like a Laurel and Hardy movie, all visual. It was also one of my favorite acting experiences."

As a rock star in **REVENGE**, Sally's character becomes enamored with Kevin Costner. There was a reunion of sorts on the set: "I came in to read with Kevin and started telling him how much I liked his work. But he stopped me and said, 'Sally, don't you remember me from when you were filming **HUMAN HIGHWAY**?' I was the stage manager at the studio, but mostly I learned acting by watching you, Dennis Hopper and Dean Stockwell. I was flattered that he remembered me. He helped me get the role because director Tony Scott was also interested in Faye Dunaway."

"To prepare for this role, I followed my life-long friend, Bob Dylan, through six cities of a concert tour. I tried to incorporate him into my role as Starr. I met him in the early '80s when he was playing with Joan Baez. He's everything to me;



"She will totally overlight Sally," reports Garkinal. "She promptly struck great poses."

mentor, brother, father, lover. In almost every emotional scene I've done over the years, I've listened to his music. You'll always see me with a Walkman on right before the scene, and the music just gets me. The tears start flowing."

"Anyway, I had two big scenes with Costner, one being an emotional, sensual scene where we both cried. That one ended up on the cutting room floor, but it was certainly one which I

wish could have been salvaged because of its sheer emotional power."

The made-for-cable movie **HEAT WAVE** offered Sally the opportunity to work with Cicely Tyson, one of her role models. "It was a honor to do this role as I was the only white actress in the production. I've always been political and a noster of the underdog. This film told a great story about what blacks had to go through, and was ironic in

light of the L.A. riots a short time later."

Next on Sally's agenda was a cameo in **TWO EVIL EYES** (1991), her first horror film. She was assigned the role of a mermaid (though there's a certain ambiguity the character may be a witch) in Dario Argento's adaptation of "The Black Cat." Sally performed her scene with Harvey Keitel, with whom she sustains the "longest-standing friendship" of her career.

LOG IN:
DECEMBER 15, 1993.
CHAPTER 3:
SPENDING THE
NIGHT WITH SALLY
KIRKLAND.

Sally wasn't feeling well, so she asked me to come over and sit for a bit. I, being of the Jewish faith, brought along a quart of chicken matzo ball soup with my tape recorder. That soup worked wonders and, soon enough, we got into it. "Sally," I said, "talk JFK to me." Here's her story...

"When **THE DOORS** was being cast, I called Oliver Stone, asking to audition for the role of the fashion editor/photographer because my mother was the fashion editor of *Life* magazine for 25 years and *Vogue* magazine for 10 years. He told me that the part had already been cast, but to let him know earlier the next time he was doing a picture. Now I have known Oliver, socially, since the '70s. Back then, I used to throw huge parties because I missed all of my friends from New York. At that time, Oliver was a struggling screenwriter and was a fixture at my parties. As a matter of fact, I think he met his wife at one of them."

"So I happened to know the wardrobe person on JFK, because he was also an actor and a student of mine. He got an early draft of the



The evening attire served as Kirkland's homage to "yesterday's female stars."

script and told me there were some great small roles. So I sent flowers to Oliver and Kevin Costner and, the next day, Oliver called me in for a meeting. Oliver asked me to read for the character of Rose Cheramie as if she were 'Anna on drug withdrawal.' I already knew the whole character in my mind and am very good at improvisation, and crying on cue, so I gave him the lines and afterwards he just said, 'How did you do that? How did you do that?' I got the part of Rose, who worked for Jack Ruby, and was in one of the opening scenes in the film as the first person to warn the authorities of the assassination.

OK, but could we further elaborate on these wild parties that she hosted two decades ago? "Oh," Sally

laughs, "—that was a long time ago, I don't really play 'The Game' anymore. Eventually, you get sick and tired of the Beverly Hills social life. I am not a Hollywood wife-girlfriend. What I am is very serious about my work, almost to a detriment. I've always fought to make my characters and the stories better, which has led to my perception of an inevitable double standard in this town. When a man fights for something in film, he's brilliant. When a woman fights for something, she's difficult. However, it hasn't stopped Streisand and Miffler, so I'll just have to keep on going."

She was subsequently cast as a "working class mother of four" in *THE HAUNTED: A TRUE STORY*, another made-for-TV movie

SALLY KIRKLAND

"If people say, 'You have a better body than 90% of the 20-year-olds,' I see no reason not to celebrate. It teaches women it's not your age that counts."

Projecting a more maternal image, Sally defends her brood from evil spirits with no help from a disbelieving clergy. "This was one of the best performances of my career," she smiles.

The following year, Sally signed on for a gender-bending role in Showtime's *DOUBLE JEOPARDY*. She was cast as a sleuth determined to expose the sinister motives of alleged rape victim Rachel Ward. "This role was originally written for Robert Duvall," reveals Sally. "They rewrote it for a woman and offered it to me. I said that I would do it if this detective character had been a rape victim, herself. I was dressed very conservatively as the detective, with my hair in a bun. I liked this role because it let people see another side of me, and because it was about a theme very important to me, having been a near-rape victim myself after four break-ins." She signed into *DOUBLE THREAT* (1992), an erotic thriller about a maturing actress who is hired for a "femme fatale" role; her character's resistance to "steamy" scenes prompts the hiring of

a body double (Sherrie Rose). The film fades-out with Sally and Rose admitting to more than a professional relationship, and the death of their mutual lover. "I have been surprised at the great feedback I've been getting from fans on this film," exclaims Sally. "What I like most is that the director, David Prior, gave me so many close-ups and, as I said, that's when much of my best acting becomes evident because I do so much with my eyes. I also believed that Sherrie Rose could really be my daughter, and that's why I wanted her for that part."

Her next thriller, *IN THE HEAT OF PASSION*, was even more intensely erotic. "Because of the serious sex scenes in the movie, I wanted someone I knew well and would feel comfortable with. So I cast Nick Corri as my lover, he has been a friend of mine for a long time. Also, it was only the second time I had ever killed anyone in a movie before, and I felt it was time to turn the tables. In this film, I killed to save my son. From an acting point of view, the challenge here

The script of *TWO EVIL EYES* ambiguously implies that Kirkland is a witch. Enticed-to-scenes, she enchanted Harvey Keitel and director Darío Argento.



was how to play a character who was capable of killing and, at the same time, was afraid of her own shadow."

Critics and audiences conceded that Sally, required to disrobe for various scenes, delivered more sensuous impact than starlets who routinely strip for R-rated fare. The significant difference is that Sally is an actress whose sex appeal has survived past the age of thirty. "I have obviously been nude many times in many movies," she explains, "but I almost never do full-frontal nudity because I think there's value in keeping some mystery about yourself. To me, doing nude scenes in movies is based on several factors: how you feel about the way you look, how it's done, and how it pertains to the emotional content of the story."

Performing *SWEET ROSIE* in 1968, Sally was the first actress to introduce nudity to the American theatre. The play, scripted by Terence McNally, debuted before the provocative *HAIR* and *OH, CALCUTTA*.

"Going back," she continues, "my parents were very uninhibited. As a fashion editor, my mother was the first to publish the no-bra look. After my early prudishness, I found myself becoming very much like her. I was always told, even as a youngster, that I had a great body. I was the first person in my neighborhood to wear a bikini, and I wore them for more than 25 years. I'd still wear a bikini if I could find a nice one. Dressing in a sexy manner is really just an excuse to keep yourself in great shape, because you have no other choice. Also, I've been modeling since the age of five and, in that sense, I have to be something of an exhibitionist."

"Look, as long as people say to me, 'Sally, you have a better body than 90% of the 20-year-olds out there,' then



Though it was shot late in the day, Sally knew she looked hot in her tribute to the '70s.

I see no reason not to celebrate that and be free, because it teaches women that it's not your age that counts, it's how you feel about yourself. I'll continue to dress sexy and do nudity as long as it feels good, and I'll never stop being outrageous because that's just who I am. If people object to that, sorry."

And, since violence is inexplicably linked to sex, there's one more thing: Brutality has often surfaced in Sally's films. So how does she explain adding her own name to a Congressional anti-violence bill? "I believe that art reflects society," answers Sally, "and my art

reflects my experience in my society...of being a woman and surviving. I try to find roles where you can feel the woman's heart, even if it appears she's a total bitch. I'm not interested in playing any character that's not a human being. Even in the most hateful of characters, I have to be able to break that character down and show some fear, some humanity, some child-like presence. If I can't do that, I'll turn a script down. I'm proud of that because I'm not in this business to get rich. I'm in it to create a canvas, a piece of art in terms of the roles I have played."

Time for one more question. How about *THE PLAYER*, where she portrayed herself in the "big party" scene? "It was a night shoot but I had to wear sunglasses because I had an ulcerated eye at the time. I was only on the set for forty minutes because I basically just stopped by to do my scene on the way to the hospital. I did get to talk to Cher, for the first time since the Oscars, which proved to be a cathartic experience as I was finally able to rid myself of the jealousy I had towards her. We used to be good friends a long time ago, roller-skating at Helen's together all the time."

With that, Sally was asleep. My Jewish conscience skipped into overdrive and I knew that I couldn't just leave her alone, so I found a blanket and pillow and spent the night on her couch.

**LOG IN:
JANUARY 9, 1994.
CHAPTER 4:
SNOOZING AT THE
CHURCH OF THE
MOVEMENT OF
SPIRITUAL INNER
AWARENESS.**

So I'm hanging out at home one lazy afternoon. Sally calls and says that she has chosen me to be the virginal student in her seminar for The Church of the Movement of Spiritual Inner Awareness. Sally, an ordained minister for the organization, was conducting classes in her apartment.

Next thing I know, I'm working on goals, affirmations and "sending the light," while sitting on a cushion with my eyes closed and meditating. Then I watched a video on soul transcendence. At least the meditation part put me to sleep. I think Sally was slightly pissed, with me being her first student and everything, but it quickly passed. She invited me out to the patio to finish off the interview.



"It was very hard to find financing for *CHEATIN' HEARTS*. It was a woman's story without any sex or violence," explains Kirkland (with James Brolin).

We started out with *CHEATIN' HEARTS* (1993), an intimate picture set in a rural town. Sally's character and her two daughters are reunited with ex-husband James Brolin. He struts around with a young floozie hanging on his arm, but Brolin only has eyes for his former spouse. Kris Kristofferson offered support as the local guy who treats Sally with respect. "This is a very important film to me," she says proudly, "because it was my debut as an executive producer, along with James Brolin. It took three years to get off the ground, and I was integrally involved in making it from the beginning, working with filmmaker Rod McCall. Once we had the script, Zal-

man King helped pull the financing together and then I worked on rewrites, casting, daily operations, editing and finding a distributor. It was very hard to find financing because it was a woman's story without any action, sex, or violence to speak of. The film was also very close to my heart because it happened at about the time my boyfriend left me for a younger woman.

"My role in the film is one of my favorites, because I played against my usual type. My character was a pioneering sort, very simple and country with little makeup, simple hairstyles and not very flattering clothes. It's simply an uphill battle because it's not an erotic thriller.

SALLY KIRKLAND

"I was executive producer of *CHEATIN' HEARTS*. It was very close to my heart because it happened at about the time my boyfriend left me for a younger woman."

"Later on, because of my relationship with Robert Redford, I was able to get this movie screened for his Sundance Film Festival. He spoke glowingly about it in press conferences, and I was thrilled when it was selected for the festival. I went up there and promoted the film myself by basically going up to people on the street, introducing myself, and telling them a little bit about the movie. We did very well there."

Would she produce another movie? "I absolutely would, just in a different way. I would not be so naive about the money as I ended up putting a lot of my own money in the film, and spent additional money getting contracts drawn up to protect my interests...which I still haven't seen yet. It is one of five films from which I am still owed money."

Roseanne Arnold played the title role in 1983's *THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ELVIS*. Sally was cast in the TV movie as Arnold's best friend, a "working class white trash chick" who is equally obsessed with The King. "Roseanne and I were on *THE DENNIS MILLER*

SHOW together and, needless to say, it was wild and crazy. I was crawling between Screaming Jay Hawkins' legs and digging my four-inch heels into Dennis' butt. Tom Arnold said it was the funniest thing he ever saw on a talk show and, based on the good response, they felt I would be great for the *Elvis* project they were putting together.

"Roseanne and I had a ball together on this movie. In one scene, she had to cry, so I had a chance to put my teaching skills to use and taught her how to cry on cue when asked. I also got to know most of her crew people from her TV show, because she hired them for the movie as well. The film was one of the last ones that Bill Bixby directed. He was a wonderful man. Eventually, I got a recurring part of Barbara Healy, the bitchy mom-next-door on *ROSEANNE*. I'd have to say that the three women who have helped me the most in show business are Roseanne, Barbara Streisand and Shelley Long."

Sally admits David Hasselhoff was her reason for approving *EYE OF THE*

Arnold starred Kirkland (with Paulina Porcasi) in *Over the Rainbow*. "When I saw the *AFRO* comes along, Susan Sarandon and Glenn Close get it first!"



STRANGER (1992); she was specifically intrigued not only with Heaven's ability to find financing, but his aptitude for acting, writing, producing and directing. "I see myself doing that one day, and I have to give him credit for wearing all those hats while relentlessly pushing a project through to completion."

She collaborated with Jackie Giroux, another actress-turned-producer, on FOREVER (1993). "I was the first person that Jackie approached to play this Hollywood agent, and I had always wanted to play an agent. Also, I heard that the role had been written for me and that gets my attention. I found the script to be interesting and funny. I asked for a producer's credit, and casting control, and I brought Sean Young and Diane Ladd to the film. Sean was very easy to work with, nothing like the female monster that had been created by the media."

Cast opposite Sally was Keith Coogan, who looks about 14 years old, and acted like he was losing his virginity during their love scenes. "He was painfully shy," recalls Sally, "so it was uncomfortable for him. I'm never uncomfortable doing erotic scenes, I love them. I think that I'm on this planet to teach people about love. Technically, we had to work some things out because Keith comes up to about my waist."

As a munitions expert in GUNMEN, her latest project, Sally supported Mario Van Peebles and Christopher Lambert. "In my first scene, you see me in a bubble bath and—all of a sudden—I whip out a sawed-off shotgun. I did it mainly because I respect the work of director Deran Sarafian, and I loved Van Peebles' NEW JACK CITY. Also, it was a role originally written for a man."



The personal favorite of *FF* photographer Glen Campbell: Kellerman's N.Y. gitty pose

Movies in various stages of post-production include STRANGER THAN LOVE, a bizarre MTV-style comedy about incest. Reunited with Mary Woronov, with whom she made her film debut in 1965, Sally portrays a mother who marries her son. She's currently seeking distribution for the movie, after all, as the film's co-executive producer, it's her responsibility Sally also "executive produced" NO GOODBYES, a low-budget action film with Wings Hauser that has been held up by litigation. "I play a 40-year-old detective," she says, "and what was really

new was that I did all of my own stunts including riding a horse while being shot at, and driving a car into a river while stuntmen jumped off horses and blew out the windows. I spent a lot of time in a special vest while being hit by electronic squibs. My only injury occurred when a horse stepped on my foot!" Sally also served as star and associate producer of FLEXING WITH MONTY, a dark erotic comedy that premiered at this year's Cannes Film Festival.

Sally is currently preoccupied with her role as actress/diva Helen Lawson

in VALLEY OF THE DOLLS, a steamy soap series tailored for late night. She had already completed 14 episodes of the 65 planned for production. The show will be test marketed in seven cities over the summer; if the ratings show strength, it'll be seen nationally by the fall season. "We are shooting ten episodes a week," explains Sally, "so I have been living in my dressing room. I am having so much fun with this role, because it's so dramatic and sexy. I've already done three love scenes and the male actors are...well, attractive." Of course, I inquired about exclusive coverage of the series for this magazine. "Just mention *Femme Fatales* at the door," winked Sally, "and you'll be treated like a king." Man, ya gotta love the power of the press!

Not that Sally is entirely fond of the media. Her celebrity has served as a target for predatory tabloid reporters. "I'll give you an example," she frowns. "I recently wore a leopardskin-looking outfit, with fishnet stockings and cowboy boots. Some pictures were taken of me, and for three weeks I was trashed in all of the rags and talk shows as 'worst dressed' or whatever."

What they didn't mention was that the pictures were taken at the grand opening of the Thunder Roadhouse in Los Angeles, which is a biker hangout. We were told to dress in wild biker garb, thus the crazy outfit. It was presented as if this was my typical dress code, like for the premiere of a film or something.

I'll add this: Good or bad, people don't stop writing about me. I think that's because I'm an individual and something of a trendsetter. But I've been toughened after all these years, and nothing the media says or writes really bothers me



Though Faye Dunaway was a contender, Kirkland earned the REVENGE role.

anywhere."

Regarding her romantic life, Sally notes that she's "been married and divorced twice, with many love affairs along the way. If I had to pick one person who I most connected to, and fantasized about living happily ever after with, it would be Bob Dylan. Maybe when I'm in my nineties, he will agree to settle down. I am utterly convinced that we have known each other in at least five previous lifetimes. Meanwhile, I am out there looking for Mr. Right. Most recently, I have had to deal with a very tough breakup of a three-year relationship. It's taken a long time for me to get over the depression of that one. Over time, your needs and desires change and it is certainly not the right environment today to be promiscuous."

And which qualities of the male species does she find the most appealing? "Well, I can't live without 'em. I don't really function well without a lot of men in my life. I'm such a strong woman that I need strong male energy around me all the time, especially during times when I wasn't married or living with someone. That doesn't mean being romantically involved with multiple men, it simply means having a lot of male polarity in my life."

All right, all right, so you can't live without men. But let's return to the original question—"Top of the list is brilliance, be it as a creative genius, a humorist or as a lover. Also, a man who is sensitive and understands the sensuality of touch and the mind—as opposed to just mauling a woman, I

SALLY KIRKLAND

"What's romantic is making love for three days straight... It's to lie in the sun and get really, really hot and then go in the water and make love."

hate that."

Then there's Sally Kirkland's trade secrets for a romantic evening—

(Before these incendiary tips are revealed, I just want our readers to know that men have died in their attempts to learn this information. But you lucky bastards are shelling out a mere \$5.50 for the same "enlightenment"—and you dirty rat-bastards, who are reading this at your neighborhood newsstand because you're too cheap to buy a copy, are getting it for free!)

"What's romantic," muses Sally, "is making love to the rhythm of music as well as to each other. It's making love for three days straight. What's romantic is to be in the sun and get really, really hot, then go in the water and make love. It's to take a jacuzzi and steam bath together, to break down the body from its normal uptightness. What's romantic is an oil massage followed by lovemaking. What's romantic is sucking each other's teats. To write love letters to each other and then read them aloud. To watch adult films together and then make love. What's ro-

mantic is to share your deepest, deepest, deepest darkest secrets that you never thought you could share. Exchanging your fantasies. What's romantic are fragrances, things that complement your own natural scent. What's romantic are eyes, just being able to stare in your lover's eyes for hours without saying anything, sometimes until you both cry. That's romantic."

Whoa! How's that for a ride into Sally Kirkland? Talk about deep!

LOG IN:

JANUARY 27, 1994.

CHAPTER 5:

THE EMERGENCY

ROOM.

After our final interview, I spent the next few weeks transcribing hours and hours of the Sally Kirkland chronicles. Sally and I kept in touch, talking almost every day. In fact, we got to be pretty tight. Then, one night, Sally calls me around 10 PM and says she feels really horrible and I have to come over. I fly across town to find Sally doubled over in pain. It turns out she's had stomach problems for years. But this was an extreme

Kirkland as stripper Melrose Place, compares with Robert LaPore for the HIGH SEASER. "I rewrote a lot of the script involving my character."



case, so I called for an ambulance.

Five minutes later, the entire cast of BACKDRAFT and EMERGENCY 1 are hanging down the front door. I knew Sally had died, but I doubt if even Julia Roberts gets this kind of service. So I escort Sally to the Cedars Sinus hospital where I fill out all the paperwork and stuff, and hang out in the waiting room with the biggest bunch of losers west of the New York Mets locker room.

And then, while I'm awaiting word on Sally, who do you think walks in? The only person in the entire universe who could possibly cap-off this night of craziness. Mickey Rourke. His wife, actress/model Carrie Ous, was holding her stomach, looking like she just gave birth to a Buick (bad sushi, probably). Mickey, in an outfit he surely swapped from his role in BARFLY, cruised over to the front desk. I think Mickey knew that Sally was my date this fine evening and he shot me this look that translated as, "Yeah, we're just a couple of regular Joes with famous babes who have bad stomachs. Me and you should go get a case of beer and drink it."

Then I actually enter the emergency room to see Sally. Let me tell you one thing. I hate hospitals. I hate emergency rooms even more. Blood and IV units and needles and sick people and bed pans and that smell...oh, that horrible, miserable smell. You know what I'm talking about, that smell of impending Doom. But Doom would have no part of Sally that night. I held her hand until she dozed off from the medication. A few hours later, she felt fine and was allowed to go home. As we started to leave, I wanted to say goodbye to my new pal Mickey, but I think he was off somewhere, signing some school-girl's gauze bandage. And with that, Sally and I left the hospital and walked off into the night. □



"Hollywood must come of age with more socially conscious scripts," says Kirkland. "Witness: In 1990, Ben SCHWARTZ'S LIST and WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT?" were portrayed more educationally than repetitively. I hope this trend will continue."

FEMMES FEVER

ALBUM III

**YOUR FAVORITE SCREEN
SIRENS EVOKE THE VIXENS
OF VARGAS.**

BY Ann Bagg

Your reaction to the last "Pentecost Fever" installment prompted another sheet but one with a dissimilar con-
cept. It befell me to develop a theme that reflected the grace, splendor and elegance of the actresses who inhabit our magazine. My idea finally crystallized, March 24th, in a Hollywood studio. We gathered together a





PHOTOGRAPHY BY GLEN CAMPBELL





Since Gary DeMaio' scandalous spread because she's shedding the glamor image in *STICKFIGHTER*; cast as a police officer, the *EDEN* star is supporting Katy McClung.

dozen of our favorite *femmes fatales* for homage to Alberto Vargas (1896-1982), an illustrator whose pin-up renderings have been described by one writer as "super-real; the Vargas Girl was bursting with vigor, allure, charm, humor, seductiveness, and eye-boggling curves." Capturing the same qualities of our chosen subjects was the responsibility of Glenn Campbell, the photographer who lensed Sally Kirkland for this issue's front cover.

Ave Cadell (FF 2.1) was the first to arrive and, as usual, she looked absolutely radiant. "She can't take a bad picture," commented Campbell, abridging the reason that Cadell was selected as our inaugural "glamour girl." The beautiful B-film veteran (*JUNGLE WARRIORS*, *HARD HUNTED, NOT OF THIS EARTH*) was excited to renew her ties with *Femmes Fatales*. "I received so much fan mail because of the magazine," Cadell smiled. "It's wonderful." Fortunately, she was already familiar with the motif that had been conceptualized for the photo session. "When I owned a restaurant in Florida," Cadell revealed, "I used to have Vargas illustrations in frames everywhere."

Cad in a 1940's bathing suit, lovely Donna Spangler epitomized the glamour era. The still camera was hardly a challenge for the actress, who has already left her imprint on film (*ROOTS OF EVIL*, *CARNAL CRIMES*, *GUNS*) and TV (*Showtime's COMPROMISING SITUATIONS*).

While Campbell snapped Spangler, a couple of make-up artists were huddling with Elizabeth Kastan, Denise Duff and Debbae Dutch in preparation for the subsequent sittings. The actresses were gossiping (a lot), until Kastan's abrupt proclamation plunged the room into brief silence. "Hey, wait a minute," she beamed with her Lucille Ball eyes. "—five girls in a room in Hollywood, and no



Elizabeth Kastan launched her career modeling for B-movie ads. In *BARRETTE'S ISLAND*, Liz links up with Arnold Schwarzenegger.



booh jola!"

One would have never speculated that *Denise Duff* (FF 2.4) was seven weeks pregnant. Looking quite trim, the expectant Duff was lined up for a Hanes underwear commercial later in the week. Lucky thing she wasn't "blessed" while shooting Fall Moon's SUBSPECIES saga in Romania. "Over there," Duff explained, "the way they test if you're pregnant is to inject your urine sample into a frog. If the frog ejaculates, then you're pregnant." (One pauses while recalling Duff's physically demanding role in HELL COMES TO FROGTOWN II, but—) Duff's lucky husband briefly checked-in, to contribute his approval of the preferred attire, before the beguiling brunette struck her poses.

Hungarian-born *Lia Kaitan* was initially nervous—*extremely nervous*—about her first "cheesecake" shoot in several years. Borrowing some things from the other subjects, Kaitan's tension didn't subside until donning roommate Tammy Souza's "trashy shoes." The stress level further declined after a make-up application of "smokey eyes." Photographer's assistant Greg Farber drew the studio curtains and Kaitan imparted her torrid sensuality to the camera. Her reaction upon viewing slides of her work: "Oh my God, I can't believe that's me!" Fans have been similarly floored by Kaitan's body of work, including ASSAULT OF THE KILLER BIMBOS, SLAVE-GIRLS FROM BEYOND INFINITY, NIGHT CLUB and FRIDAY THE 13TH—PART VII.

Sheda Lussier (NIGHT STALKER, MY CHAUFFEUR, REFORM SCHOOL GIRLS) makes a return appearance to FF, following her "Femmes Fever" debut in issue 2.3. Lussier, who signed on early for the Vargas spread, recruited new faces for the shoot. She had no problem tracking down the studio; Lussier



Deborah Dutch poses in her trademark black shifts, the outfit seen in **DEATH DANCERS**, TV's **DIVORCE LAW**, and the **HILL DR. DR. KILLED** poster.



Closely approximating the "Vargas look," Ave Cadell arrived at the shoot with a trimmed hairstyle. Cadell recently posed for a poster, aptly titled **ARMED FOR ACTION**.



had previously shot many a "hot red" magazine cover, at the same location, with ace photographer Raiko Hartmann.

Punctual and prepared, Debbie Dutch delivered a genial attitude and some great outfits. Her genre credits include **THE HAUNTING OF MORELA**, **HARD TO DIE**, and **MIND TWISTER**. Dutch's 1990 camp classic, **SORORITY GIRLS AND THE CREATURE FROM HELL**, perennially surfaces on USA cable's **UP ALL NIGHT**. Elated with her Vargas shots, Dutch didn't wait for *Femme Fatales* to premiere her photo coverage around town.

Featured in film (**RUNNING WILD**, **DEADLY IDENTITY**) and TV (**BAYWATCH**), adorable *Aimee Leigh* initially caught our attention in **HELLRAISER III: HELL ON EARTH** as the sexy, young nightclub attendee who falls victim to Pinhead. Leigh bounced into the studio, introduced herself to the throng of luscious ladies awaiting their turn at the camera, and displayed more personality and charisma than actresses twice her age. It didn't require much work to capture Leigh's playful side.

The final "glamour girl" to be photographed, Darcy DeMoss, is no stranger to Playboy Channel addicts. Cast as ravishing Randi Banks on the **EDEN** series, DeMoss has developed an aptitude for stealing scenes in her movies, among them **PALE BLOOD**, **HARD BODIES**, **LIVING TO DIE**, and **FRIDAY THE 13TH—PART VI**. I had earlier consulted her childhood housemate, former New World bombshell Candice Rialson (*FP 2.2*), about an appropriate wardrobe for the sitting. DeMoss drove down from the Hollywood Hills with enough accessories and clothes for three photo shoots (one piece of lingerie belonged to her grandmother!). But, upon her arrival at the studio, DeMoss insisted on wearing

Alison Leigh ignited her career with a minor part in **NICOCHET**. She graduated to meaty roles in **HELLRAISER III** and the Brooks Shields thriller, **BURNING WILD**.





Formerly the star of B-rated entertainment, Shella Lumsier (above) was recently cast as the movie star in *IT'S A DIGITAL WORLD*, a Disney movie that combines animation with live action. Posing through prints of her poses, Denise Duff reacted to the below shot with, "Oh, my God, it looks like I'm touching myself!"

almost nothing. Her pitch hardly drew a dissenting vote from the crew, who were already overheated from ten hours of ceaseless primping, styling, and shooting. DeMoss' flawless replication of the V-pose, Vargas' trademark, reflected her lifetime devotion to dancing. She enjoyed a mutual love affair with the camera.

Upon hearing about our alluring ensemble, some skeptics predicted that jealousy, sabotage, and other intrigue would prevail through the shoot. But this sexist speculation was dismissed in the dressing rooms. Ego-trips decelerated to "empty" as the attendant actresses engaged in a communal spirit, congenially swapping clothes and concepts. One suspects the late Alberto Vargas would have been disappointed with our homage in only one respect—he never had the opportunity to work with the dozen mesdames selected for our shoot. □



Denise Ouff embellishes her characters with sensuous kink. The star of **SUSPECTS IS A** IS, **BLOODFIST V**, etc. adheres to manager Jay Bernstein's advice: "If you don't approach this career by going for the jugular, no one's going to care how brilliant you are."



B THE RELUCTANT -MOVIE STAR

MEMORIES OF FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA'S "NUDIE MOVIE" DEBUT
AND SCENES FROM A HORROR FILM TOO HOT FOR THE U.S.

BY TIM HAMMILL

"Back in '73, I read lines with June Wilkinson on location for *THE MACK*. It was a blaxploitation thriller, and they were shooting her scene in an Oakland bar. She was down to earth, determined to graduate from what she considered Z-movies up to something more mainstream.

"Eleven years earlier, filmmakers needed a true excuse to show the female

body and June knew her early T&A movie, *THE PLAYGIRLS AND THE BELLBOY*, was just an entry level job. Unfortunately, Hollywood never got past her 44D bustline. Though sincere, intelligent, and photogenic, she insouciantly remained a pretender to Marilyn Monroe's throne."

Russ Kratzner,
actor/writer

One assumes her public familiarity as "The Big B" acknowledges her associa-

tion with low-budget movies; but, christened "The Broom" by Playboy publisher Hugh Hefner, the handle alluded more to June Wilkinson's body than her body of work. The actress who was toppled in Francis Ford Coppola's nearly forgotten 1962 maiden movie is quite active. "Ahhh, look at the snow coming down," exclaims the B-movie drop-out in her Canadian lodgings. Wilkinson is relaxing between engagements of PYJAMA

TOPS. "The play has been so successful in Edmonton and Calgary that they're taking it into Toronto in August," she enthuses. "It has an open end date, meaning we have no closing date. Here, I had a closing date but they held me over because business has been so good." During the past thirty years, including a stretch on Broadway, she's portrayed *The Mistress*—and later *The Wife*—in the "thoroughly mad and moving" limpsen. Not a bad pig

Wilkinson, still a bombshell in 1984

"When this movie opened, we distributed low police supplies as a gimmick."

Wilkinson remains a beautiful dame





"CAREER GIRL was in some 42nd Street theatre for years, all because of this diving off a diving board naked, 'cause it had nothing else to recommend."

starlet in town. I did not have a car at that time and Bill Wellman Jr., the famous director's son who also attended classes there, was kind enough to pick me up and take me to the acting classes every night. Douglas Fowley, who at the time played Doc Holliday on the WYATT EARP television series, was sitting in the Club's lobby. Doug was waiting for his date and Bill was waiting for me. I came downstairs and Bill introduced me. Doug thought Bill and I looked good together. He was going to direct this picture in Brazil and asked if we wanted to do his movie. "Absolutely."

"I had a wonderful time. Brazil was a beautiful country, I had my 19th birthday on location. And I fell madly in love with a Brazilian! I don't know why they shot MACUMBA LOVE in Brazil. I think it would've been cheaper to produce it in Hollywood. I mean, by the time you fly everybody there and put them up in a hotel—! We hired L.A. union people, even though the Brazilian union was probably cheaper than Hollywood's. But I'm delighted they did, otherwise I would have never gotten to see Brazil and I love going on location."

The trailers for MACUMBA LOVE opened with a pan across a cartoon graveyard, with a sobering announcement requesting silence for the dead—followed by a jump cut to a woman

Fowley for Russ Meyer. Wilkinson later did a cameo in his IMMORAL MR TEAS (1966).



Wilkinson performed topless for MACUMBA LOVE's European footage.

for a trouper who was groomed, similar to Jayne Mansfield and other blonde bombshells, as the "next Marilyn Monroe." But, unlike MM and her B-film wannabes, Wilkinson is a survivor.

At the age of 11, the British-born Wilkinson launched her acting career in England's West End theatres, cast in LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, CINDERELLA, and BABES IN THE WOODS. By her 18th birthday, she appeared in Russ Meyer's "four-day wonder," THE IMMORAL MR TEAS (1969). "Russ did a Playboy lay-out of me," explains Wilkinson. "I was under contract to Seven Arts at the time, so I did the film as a favor to Russ, for no money." And for no credit—she appeared as an anony-

mous torso. Later, that same year, Wilkinson costarred with "sexpot" Ziva Rodann in MACUMBA LOVE (1969). "I was staying at the old Hollywood Stude Club," recounts Wilkinson about her casting in the "erotic" horror movie "The Club sheltered girls only—no men were allowed up in the rooms. My roommates were Jo Anne Worley, who would later be a regular on ROWAN & MARTIN'S LAUGH-IN, and Sharley Knight, a good actress who did a lot of prestigious films.

"Seven Arts was shooting THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG and all that, but they weren't using me in anything. However, they did send me to acting school every day, and my contract paid me enough money that I wasn't this desperate little

screaming as she's prepared for a voodoo ritual. Civic groups, including the Legion of Decency, were equally vocal. Seems "heaving bosoms"—and a gory eye-piercing scene—delivered profitable condemnation of the movie. Wilkinson's physique was reviewed more often than her acting. "Ziva Rodann is continually seducing people," observed one critic, "while another actress spends most of her time on screen showing off her big bosoms." Obviously, the writer caught up with the overseas release of the movie. "They shot two different versions of the 'ocean' scenes," recalls Wilkinson. "One with a one-piece swimsuit for U.S. distribution, and one with the top down for the European version." While the European campaign stressed art renderings of cleavage belonging to Wilkinson and Rodann, the only female presence in U.S. posters was a Grim Reaper with long tresses.

Wilkinson and Rodann were reunited the following year for *THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ADAM AND EVE*, a hip revision of Genesis. Performing dual roles, the cast played 20th century characters and their "Garden of Eden" counterparts: Mamie Van Doren, another hopeful heir to the "next Marilyn Monroe" vacancy, divided her screen time as a contemporary "Eve Simms" and "Eve" in an extended dream sequence set in the Garden. Mickey Rooney, who co-directed with power-

"THE PLAYGIRLS AND THE BELLBOY was really horrible. Now I find out, years later, that this was Francis Ford Coppola's first movie!"



"Mickey Rooney was taken in *THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ADAM AND EVE*. I was cast as one of his mistresses. This shot is my most vivid memory of the film."

ty row auteur Albert Zugsmith, played the Devil. The remainder of the eclectic cast included Mel Tormé, Tuesday Weld, and Paul Anka. Religious groups heefered that the Bible was turned into a burlesque show, with the Old Testament serving as "a flimsy excuse to dress down the actresses." Wilkinson dismisses the project as "a silly, stupid movie." So how did she become linked to *ADAM AND EVE* in the first place?

"When I was down in Brazil, I met a producer, Al-

bert Zugsmith, who was doing a Brian Donlevy movie. He talked me into doing a movie called *CAREER GIRL* which was... when you see it today, it's so campy," sighs Wilkinson. "It was really bad, it was about this girl who went to Hollywood to be a movie star. She was having a hard time, stressed out by the whole Hollywood scene, and the only way she could relax was in a nudist camp [laughs]. Who were the writers who came up with this stuff? They're probably

big shot writers now, and my film was their lovely beginnings. It was pretty bad, and the only redeeming quality of this movie was right at the very end when I dived off the diving board naked. It was pretty spectacular, if I do say so myself—that shot alone was worth the price of a ticket. At that time, there wasn't that much nudity and that was a really big thing. It broke the record in New York in some 42nd Street theatre. It was there for years, all because of this diving off the diving board naked, 'cause it had nothing else to recommend."

Wilkinson is equally candid about her subsequent film for Zugsmith. *"THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ADAM AND EVE"* had a tremendous amount of names in it. There was Rooney, Anka, Tormé, Tuesday Weld, Fay Spann and the list goes on and on, but that's all it had—a bunch of names. It was pretty bad. Adam was played by the guy who did *ROUTE 66*, Martin Miller. Albert Zugsmith had done some good things and I thought, with all these people in it, it would be halfway decent. Well, if you have a really bad script, then you're in trouble, unless you have brilliant people who start working on it during shooting. Sometimes, stars make too many demands and want it done this way and that way. Anyway, it was quite a cast for such an awful movie. The only time I saw it was at 3 AM on tele-

In the late '50s, Wilkinson posed for photographer/Rumormonger Russ Meyer: "I had dinner with Russ a year ago. He's still invincible and still preoccupied with boobs."



vision... and 3 AM was not quite late enough."

In 1982, Wilkinson was cast in U.S. color scenes that were shot for *THE PLAYGIRLS AND THE BELLBOY*. The movie, which originated as a black and white German import directed by Fritz Ungeller, involves "a voyeuristic bellboy" who contrives to spy on undressed models. Wilkinson's footage was directed by Francis Ford Coppola, and her recollections leave little doubt why Coppola rarely reflects on this pioneering challenge. "All of a sudden," Wilkinson smiles, "there was a video that came out of a movie that I had made years and years and years ago called—*THE BELLBOY AND THE PLAYMATE*!!! I even forget the name of it. There was a big article in the Los Angeles paper and it said, 'Starring June Wilkinson, directed by Francis Ford Coppola.' *Francis Ford Coppola*? I am embarrassed to tell you, I didn't even know I had been directed by Francis Ford Coppola. I mean, this is the movie that told me I had better stop making movies before I put the coffin lid on my career—'cause this movie was really horrible. When I went to see it in a theatre, I left before the movie was over. I didn't want anyone to recognize me. Now I find out, years later, that this was Francis Ford Coppola's first movie! Coppola certainly did not show the talent that he shows today (boisterous laughter)."

May we quote you?

"As long as you say 'did NOT show the talent he shows today,'" howls Wilkinson. "But, you see, if I would have had the insight to know he was going to be the director he eventually turned into, then I certainly would have made a point of remembering his name. And I would have invited him to my house for dinner. My faux pas, obviously. Francis, if you read this article, you're invited to my house for dinner. I've seen a lot of



"The first time I posed for Playboy, I was called in at midnight. Unlike today, there were no test shots and nobody did my hair or makeup. Pictures photographed in the '50s and '60s, when public hair was not visible, are not as raw as today's figure shots."



Francis' stuff that I liked, and I think I would've been happy to be in almost any movie of his that I've seen...except for the one we did."

Wilkinson recalls **BELLBOY**'s genesis as "a German black and white film that didn't sell. The producers decided to cut-in dream sequences in color and 3-D throughout the whole film, and that's when they hired Francis and me to do that version. It probably made money, even though it was horrible. And one thing I noticed when I watched the video, which I didn't even see the first time I watched this movie because I hated it so much, is they spelled my name wrong in the credits. And I was the so-called star! That shows you how bad a movie it was."

But **BELLBOY** found at least one admirer: "Hugh Hefner came up to me after he had seen it," explains Wilkinson. "He loved it. At that particular time in American movie history, **BELLBOY** was considered pretty risqué although I didn't do any nudity... there was nudity, but not by me. It's got more going for it now, than it certainly did then, because during its original release you were supposed to take it in as an 'art/sexy' movie. I don't think it was very sexy. But it is campy, and definitely has the naivete and earmarks of a '50s movie which, again, gives it a little added something. Back then, Hefner thought it was kind of cute because it had an innocence about it."

The publisher and Wilkinson were hardly strangers. Reciprocating Hefner's enthusiasm, Wilkinson posed for a 1958 **Playboy** centerfold. She later en-

"I liked the photographer, Russ Meyer, a lot. He gave me the freedom to just go with the flow."



"Actually, I'm not a party person. I take everything in moderation."

cored in seven additional issues. "A lot of people in my hometown were horrified when I did *Playboy*," she remembers. "I was a virgin when I did that, and a lot of my girlfriends' parents got on my mother's case for allowing me to do it. The prevailing attitude, at that time, was that Hefner wouldn't put a girl in the mag without having an affair with her. That certainly

isn't true.

"I was never a wild kid, going out and getting into trouble. I wanted to be in show business from the time I was a little kid, and my parents trusted me to allow me to go off and do it. Coming from an ordinary class family, they couldn't afford to drop what they were doing and travel with me. They let me go and do shows, and I never did any-

"They couldn't sell **THE PLAYGIRLS AND THE BELLBOY**, so they went back to the drawing board and shot new color footage that was directed by Coppola."



thing wrong—boring, I know, there were no scandals. Never had to deck anybody for improper advances. I've danced in fountains, but I don't consider that to be scandalous."

Another string of bad movies soured Wilkinson's aspirations for a film career. There was the unmemorable *Twist All Night*—I loved working with Louie Prima and the band. In the make-up room, the boys would love to tell off-color jokes, but Louie wouldn't let them do that around me. At the end of the movie, he

"I think people are impressed that I'm still packing in audiences. How many Glamour Queens from my time are still making a living? I've had staying power."



"I was in *Adam and Eve* with my friend Marilyn Van Derbeek. We made a record together titled, *The Bitch with No Top on Top*."



gave me a lovely diamond and gold bracelet with an inscription that said, "To a fine lady."

Then there was a reunion with Mamie Van Doren for *The Playmates and The Candidates* (originally released as *The Candidate*, the producers later insisted on a "more exploitative" title). The film cast Wilkinson opposite Ted Knight, whose professional fortunes would later improve as anchorman Ted Baxter on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. "Ted and I had a scene in bed, and I remember he was very nervous about it. 'What if I get aroused?,' he asked. 'If you do,' I replied, 'I'll give you a hundred dollars.' After the scene was shot, he said, 'You were right, it was the most unusual thing I've ever done.' We laughed and I said, 'Thanks a lot!'"

The aforementioned *Playgirls* and *The Bellboy* proved the last straw which prompted her early screen retirement. "I

kept getting more and more of this kind of stuff," sighs Wilkinson, "—really bad movies, so that's why I quit. All they believed in was my body and exploitation in movies. I'm not against it...I find it kind of fun to be a sex symbol. When I was growing up, it was my brother who was the pretty one because he had natural blonde hair and blue eyes—I was the one who was not so attractive. So it was fun for me when I first got a body—all of a sudden, people went, 'Wow!' I enjoyed it, because I'd been ugly for so long. So I'm not adverse to sex appeal, but quality is quality and trash is trash. One can still have quality and still have a sexy image, you don't have to be ugly to be a good actor."

Turning to the stage, Wilkinson found an alternate outlet to test her thespian training. "I was doing good theatre. Here I was starring on Broadway in *PYAMA TOPS*. I also took over Sandy Dennis's part in the national tour of *ANY*

WEDNESDAY, and toured with Sylvia Sidney in the Neil Simon show, *COME BLOW YOUR HORN*. I worked with good producers and quality shows. That was much better than film, and people believed in my talent on the stage. Then, after years and years and years of stage, I was antsy to do a film again."

In 1974, Wilkinson co-starred with then-husband and Houston Oilers quarterback Dan Pastorini in an adventure movie titled *THE FLORIDA CONNECTION* (aka *WEED*). The couple's legacy, far more endearing than their on-screen collaboration, was a daughter named Brenna.

Wilkinson took another hiatus from film, resisting roles until offered the opportunity to star with Donald Pleasence in *FRANKENSTEIN'S GREAT AUNT TILLIE* (1983). "Well, what the heck," she grins while leaning back. "I loved Pleasence as a performer. Besides, twenty years earlier, I

made a movie for the film's producer called *LA RABIA POR DENTRO*. It was a really good Spanish movie, so I was sort of happy that he offered me the new job. A couple of producers saw *AUNT TILLIE* and offered me a Vince Edwards movie called *SNO-LINE*. I didn't like the script. But I thought, 'Well, nobody's really looking for me in movies,' and I figured, being concerted, that I'd be good in it. Besides, even if the movie is horrible, people who aren't theatregoers at least would know what I currently look like. From that movie, I was offered *VASECTOMY*. This time, I worked with Paul Sorvino, whom I happen to like as an actor. I thought it was a better script than *SNO-LINE* but—[her voice drops]

Co-starring with Sally Kirkland and Sybil Danning, Wilkinson performed a "brief" topless scene in *TALKING WALLS* (1987). "I did that as a favor to the producer who was a friend of mine," she says with a hint of detachment. "The last movie I did was with Lee Majors. It was called *KEATON'S COP* (1990), and that film was shot in Texas."

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"It's nice at my age for people to still think of me as a sexual level," smiles a mature but mesmerizing Wilkinson.





RAGIN' JASON

**CYNTHIA ROTHROCK'S SEXY
SIDEKICK IS NOW A BUTT-
KICKIN' KUNG-FU FEMME.**

BY DEBBIE ROCHON

Are action heroines less appealing to audiences than their gentle-cooing (cast as the "squeeze") sisters? Historically, from John Wayne's earliest right cross to Bruce Lee's 1&3 power punch, men have invariably cornered the market on street justice. The public

still shells out \$6.00 to watch the guys (Seagal, Snipes, Stallone) flex their force. But could males relate to a pumped-up Linda Hamilton sans Schwarzenegger? Sometimes I doubt we'll ever find out. Whenever Hollywood is drawn into a showdown about its treatment of women and strength, the corporate capital incessantly leans on *THELMA AND LOUISE* as its only defense mechanism.

Fortunately, combative femmes have found a home in a rebellious repository known as the B-Cinema. "On the screen, a fight scene can go by in 15 seconds, you'd never know that it took months of body preparation and ten hours of shooting to create," explains Dennis Jason, who's a three-time veteran of the action genre. "Everybody may criticize [Jean-Claude] Van Damme and [Steven] Seagal for not being authentic, but it's such hard work. They're consistently at risk, you can only fake so much in a scene."

Jason, a trained "Shao Lin Hung Fot Kung-fu" fighter, naturally gravitated toward powerhouse roles.

Above: "From *ABDUCTED 2*. The director stuffed ferns in my costume, adding to my camouflage...like a scene from the *BENNY HILL SHOW*." Below: "A 2.0 photo, shot on my own roof, for a film that was never made. But it did help to deliver the finance for *IGNOR AND BLOODY*." Opposite: "This was shot on the first day of *ABDUCTED 2*, after the wrap party!"







The actress admits an incapability to portray victims, "it would prove a painful exercise" in unmasking the vulnerability that she has worked so hard to transcend. **HONOR AND GLORY** (1991), her first starring role, billed Jason with karate queen Cynthia Rothrock. Cast as Rothrock's sister, Jason played a TV reporter with an affinity for high kicks. "The director [Godfrey Hall] is from Hong Kong, and had not previously made a film in the States," recounts Jason. "He also had never made a film with sync sound, so he didn't understand how it worked."

"One scene we were shooting had me talking on the telephone. We were using this beautiful mansion in Maryland for the location. Someone's grandma was upstairs with her parrot, while we were downstairs preparing the scene. Godfrey wanted the phone to actually ring, so he had the sound on tape. They planted a crew member with a cellular phone outside so when Godfrey yelled, 'Action!' he was to call the house. Every time the phone rang, I would pick it up - and so would grandma. I would try and act this scene out, but grandma would be on the other extension yelling, 'Hello?! Hello?!'

Left: "I change from character to character." Below: "Rehearsing with my ARDCTED 8 stunt coordinator."



and her parrot would be in the background screeching, 'HELLO! HELLO!' I was supposed to continue my dialogue and pretend I couldn't hear any of this. We tried to do this two or three times, until I lost patience and threw a fit! Godfrey finally realized he could add the ring in post-production."

The Asian filmmaker also lacked experience with America's melting pot. Jason, fluent in Cantonese, served as the film's translator. Although her bilingual abilities allowed communication between the cast and crew, she sometimes couldn't interpret Hall's motivations for her character. Hall also overlit Chuck Jeffries, a black actor, thinking the extra illumination would apply a lighter hue to the skin. "He just kept flooding the set with light," exclaims Jason. "It was horrifying! It finally came out during a meeting why he was spilling light on Jeffries. Once we explained that it wasn't necessary, the lighting improved and the film got better."

It may have been primitive filmmaking, but Jason thought enough of her dilettante director to sign up a second time. Jason, Rothrock, and Hall reprised their collaboration one year later for UNDEFEATABLE. While technically superior to the preceding film, Jason's assigned role proved more agonizing than the combined sound and lighting blunders of HONOR AND GLORY. "I didn't feel safe on the set," says Jason in regard to her casting as a victimized psychiatrist. "In one scene, I had a real knife at my throat. In between takes, I was silent and would pace back and forth to stay focused and in character. At the end of the day, my makeup artist gave me a 20-minute lecture on how unprofessional and uncool I was. She told me I sulked and brooded. At the end of the speech, she added, 'I'm telling you this because I love you!' This was her first time working on a film."

DONNA JASON

"I never got to know Cynthia Rothrock, personally. She's a real bad ass in her scenes. There wasn't magic between us though, personally or professionally."



"This is my ABDUCTED II body double. OK, it's not the best match but he had a good heart. I mean, he looked great except his ass was too skinny."

One thing's for certain; it's a helluva lot easier to dig-up stunts for the walk-ons than thespians who actively fight for physical roles. After HONOR AND GLORY, Jason was flooded with offers to work as a stunt double for other actresses. Opting to literally save face, she turned down the work. While Jason may have declined to double for other women, she was hardly reluctant to perform her own stunts. "It takes time and money," notes Jason, "to find a stunt double who resembles the actor they're doubling for, so most low-budget companies hire one or two men to play all the parts I have never had a female stunt double. In HONOR AND GLORY, I performed my own stunts except for one kick. That was done by a Filipino kickboxer who wore a wig. UNDEFEATABLE provided me with a kung-fu artist from Hong Kong. He was the stunt double for everyone in the film, he just changed hair pieces for the different

characters. I never used him though, I executed all the stunts myself. In my third film, ABDUCTED II: THE REUNION, my double was a tall, handsome young man who was actually Caucasian this time. He wore a lot of makeup, a wig, and had a skinny ass but—bless his heart!—he did a flip for me."

While Cynthia Rothrock may not be heir to a Tony award, her superb form and penchant for dropping kicks (rather than dropping clothes) has earned universal admiration. "It was very professional working with Cynthia," recalls Jason. "I never got to know her personally, but she's a good fighter and I appreciated watching her fight. She's a real bad ass in her scenes. I don't agree with everything she does. I wouldn't choose to fight the way she fights, but it looks good on-screen. She did inspire me, though. Even now, when I work out, I think of what she's able to do and what it takes to get there. There wasn't magic

between us though, personally or professionally."

Jason gauges her performance in ABDUCTED II as "much more dramatic" than past roles. While physical choreography delivers the sale of martial arts movies, only marginal fighting experience is required for straight thrillers, casting directors apply a precedent to acting, thus the choreographer has to compromise the fighting to suit the actors. "In ABDUCTED II there's a couple of very good fight scenes, and a couple of funny ones" explains Jason. "But, compared to a martial arts movie, there really wasn't any kung-fu. At first, it scared me to work with an actor who had no fight training. Lawrence King, who played the bad guy, and I were not afforded a long rehearsal period for our action sequence. The time was invested in the dramatic elements of the film. Shooting on rocks and cliffs also frightened me. Once I learned to trust King, I actually enjoyed the fight scenes."

While the kung-fu movies limited her depth of characterization, ABDUCTED II offered Jason the freedom of dramatic expression. She plays a kick-ass survivalist who, after extricating herself from captivity, violently confronts her abductor—a fur-clad hilariously wacko—in an attempt to rescue her two best friends. "In ABDUCTED II, we had problems with pacing," says Jason. "I had an entire monologue that was cut out, it was a beautifully touching scene. But because the director felt it wasn't up to pace for a thriller, it was dropped."

Though Jason's exposure has been limited to films that promote her as an action diva, she is unconcerned about the same sort of typecasting tagged to her high-kicking sisters: "I won't just take a role to work, it has to offer me a new challenge. I always said the entertainment world

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A Lovestarved Bigfoot Held Two Women Captive And Then Came My Turn—

I Was ABDUCTED II

ONE ACTRESS TURNS HYSTERICAL...THREE
OTHERS TURN TO ALCOHOL. WHO WILL SURVIVE?

BY DEBBIE ROCHON

Back in 1986, Boon Collins directed *ABDUCTED*, a variation of the classic musical *SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS*. The premise of both films is very similar. y'know, the male fantasy about a mountain man who literally captivates and courts a pretty maiden. But there were a couple of discreet character alterations in Collins' movie, perhaps to circumvent copyright litigation. Example: *ABDUCTED*'s rustic predator, named Vern, found outlets for his spirited behavior that would have been pretty uncommon for the *Seven Brothers*—this specifically relates to Vern's habits of trapping wildlife, blowing away tourists, blasting helicopters and nearly bludgeoning his dad to death. And, further unlike the *Seven Brothers*, Vern, the backwoods bachelor, didn't seduce his betrothed with a couple of ballads. Nope, his idea of courtship was to bogtie his true love and intimidate her with cutlery. Maybe he couldn't sing.

Though a mild success in America, *ABDUCTED* proved a profitable sleeper in the European market. Seven years later, executive producer Ben Gruberg pro-



"Day 81 of production," documents Rochon (right), "in the movie, Donna Jason and Iustin Jay-Michael Vincent's costumes. Vincent worked 6 weeks on the film."

claimed, "Let there be *ABDUCTED II*." On the eighteenth shooting day, Gruberg saw everything that he made and—behold!—it was "very good." On the nineteenth shooting day, he rested. But not me. You see, as a supporting player in the sequel, I had more post-production work to do. However, I'm getting ahead of myself. Thus, before I shamelessly plug *ABDUCTED II*'s summer '94 release, let's flashback to the original casting call.

January 10, 1994. 2 AM. Upon locating a 24-hour drugstore, I purchased a bottle of Nice n' Easy #27 for an overnight identity

change. An hour earlier, executives at Arrow Entertainment called and asked if I could be a redhead by nine in the morning. The director, who considered yours truly for the role of Sharon, insisted on seeing me with a dye job before his morning flight back to Canada.

It's been two months since my initial contact with the project, and I still remain uncast. I know in my heart that I could eat this role up...why can't they share my confidence? I was introduced to *ABDUCTED II* when the casting agent asked me to audition for the Maria character, which I has assumed to be the

meanest role among the three female leads. It turns out I may be the bear to Sharon, whom I've learned to respect. She's someone I can relate to, more internalized grief and guts than routine gladiator.

February 21st. Two weeks ago, Ben Gruberg phoned with the news "You're Sharon." This is my first day on the set. We're enjoying the perks of a healthy budget, what with trailers, a weekly per diem, and a Rent-A-Car on days off. If this is a B-movie, it's only because our budget is under \$50 million; we're not doing copping out with exploitation. And, unlike A-movies, this film isn't an excuse for a franchise; brace yourself, but Spencer's and Baystate Video won't be hawkling *ABDUCTED II* action figures. We want to make a well-acted, intensely paced movie. No gratuitous tits, no toys...we may be inventing a new industry.

We're preparing to shoot my driving scene. Lucky for the production's insurance allocations that I had two hours of driving practice before I left home. Admittedly, my apprenticeship behind the wheel—during a New York City snowstorm—has to be more difficult than the scripted scenes, which requires me to pull



"You're truly and the rim... from this portrayal of myself as a victim let's a scene. During a subsequent scene, I 'accidentally' kicked him in the crotch."

up to a desolate gas station. So what if 45 crew members are watching? I didn't have the heart to tell Boon Collins, encoir as director for this sequel, that I'm not exactly Evel Knievel. But Dan Haggerty, reprising his role as Vern's father, is aware of my limited driving skills. He keeps laughing and shouting, "Learner's permit, huh?," and it's making me a little self-conscious. Collins keeps encouraging me to "Drive faster!" and "Pull up closer to the pump!" Since there's the possibility I may

collide the car into a pump and blow us all to smithereens, I thought it only fair to alert the other passengers—actresses Donna Jason and Raquel Bianca—to my (lack of) driving experience. They've been very supportive. Smelling the pump's rather ominous gas fumes, they're very eager to remind me—at least every 5 seconds—that the pedal on the left is the brake and the pedal on the right—gas. Check.

February 23rd, morning. One major difference between stage and film is

DEBBIE ROCHON

"If ABDUCTED II is a B-movie, it's only because our budget is under \$50 million; we're not copping out with exploitation, we're stressing performance and pacing."

chronological structure. In the theatre, time is linear, you perform a story from its opening act to its finale. But movies may be shot completely out of sequence and you've gotta learn to adapt. Today, we're shooting the script's concluding pages and I'm learning to create my character "backwards." This takes a great deal of foresight and, lucky for us, our group is impassioned about the development of the characters.

Afternoon.

The stunning landscape would be a distraction, but all of my concentration has to be focused on a scene involving Sharon and Ingrid (the characters played, respectively, by myself and Donna Jason). Scaling up a mountain, our search for Maria (Raquel Bianca's character) is postponed when we abruptly encounter Vern, the hillbilly from hell.

I'm feeling exceptionally vulnerable. The reason could be the location. We're shooting in British Columbia, Canada—lots of childhood memories here, most of which are painful. I'm tapping into a lot of those deep emotions for Sharon—fear, abandonment, abuse. But, for Debbie, it's more confusing than cathartic. Once you plunge into your character's psyche, it becomes harder to distinguish fact from fiction. Like it or not, Sharon and I are going to be inseparable for the next few weeks—on and off the set.

February 24th. Jan-Michael Vincent and Dan "Learner's Permit" Haggerty boarded the 5:15 AM pick-up, adding a unique spin to the ride. During our trip to the mountain site, we passed a speeding locomotive. Unable to restrain his

boyish enthusiasm, Dan yelled, "Hey everybody, look at the choo-choo!" Dropping his voice a few octaves, he added, "I mean, uh... Hey, you guys, check out the train." Don't worry, Dan. I'd be willing to bet that a lot of people still get excited over a public transportation vehicle.

The rain decided to arrive on location about the same time we did. It's contractually binding that Dan and Jan wrap their roles by the end of the week, so their scenes are the first to roll. Jan has disciplined himself like a real pro, he fully adheres to the method mode of acting. Unfortunately, while taking instruction from the fight choreographer, Jan forgot to hold back and knocked out one of Dan's fillings. As Dan made an exit for the dentist, the second man reassured him that his grunting reaction to Jan's uppercut would "be great for the sound track."

February 28th. (Morn'g)

"Here is an example of pulling one's ass into the past. Does Dan hit on Dan Haggerty, where he lives."





Debbie Rochon and Donna Jason with first assistant director Louise Lawless.

laugh, don't smile) Stiffing my laughter has been the most challenging endeavor of today's pick-ups. Picture this: three women, fastened together with a strand of rope, being yanked up a mountain side by a love-starved lunatic with a fondness for fur fashion. (concentrate, don't laugh) It's Kathy Lee Gifford's apocalyptic nightmare—a summer vacation gone real bad.

Lawrence King is a powerful actor, but his too convincing characterization of Vern as "Charles Manson on acid" is making me nervous. I'm reacting with a chronic case (*he's looking at me, don't stare, he'll snap!*) of the giggles. I'm taking a deep breath, trying to infuse myself with a case of lockjaw.

It's starting to rain, we've got to shoot the remainder of our scenes in one take,

The camera is rolling, the sound is reeling and my stomach is bursting. I'm inhibiting that mania laughter. Must concentrate on something that's depressing—taxes, death, Hollywood, Bill Clinton, Ted Turner. Oh my God, King's madman just ad-libbed a line, he sarcastically asked me if I'm "enjoying" my vacation. For some reason, his sadistic ranting suddenly sounds like classically understated comic repartee. (*can't blow it, do not laugh!*) It's getting worse. King has completed his monologue and is now growling and dancing with his rifle. It'll be a chilling scene on-screen but, unfolding before my eyes, it looks like one of Steve Martin's stand-up routines. The director is moving in for my close-up (*pinch yourself, you're*

DEBBIE ROCHON

"Realizing I could collide into a gas pump and blow us all into smithereens, I thought it fair to alert the passengers to my lack of experience."

supposed to be a pro, DON'T LAUGH).

March 1st. (*He!*) Donna, Raquel and I have dedicated ourselves to the high dramatic content of the "tent scene." We have to communicate the illusion of total intoxication. Each actress is summoning-up her most cherished memory of inebriety and reenacting it for the camera. Take after take after take, we've managed to remain loaded/blotto/skunk-drunk for the entire day's shoot. According to the crew, we were completely credible. Thank God, I've had some excellent experiences to draw upon. (*He!*)

March 4th. It's snowing. I got to sleep in.

March 5th. The rain has dissolved the snow, so we're back on schedule. The inclement weather has slowed down Danny Nowack, our director of photography, but he's managing to clear the steam, mess and debris off the lens. Morale is up, and everyone is busting their ass to make this thing work (god ol' Canadian spirit!) Donna, Raquel and I really have nothing to complain

about, even though we're soaking wet, freezing, tied-up, and expected to perform. But the production afforded us VIP treatment via an umbrella boy to shield us from the rain. You know that you've got it made when you have your own umbrella boy.

Later that afternoon. We're filming Donna's fight scene. During the scuffle, I'm supposed to lunge forward, kick a knife out of King's grasp and then give him a swift kick in the head. I've gone over it with the choreographer, and I'm really pumped up. Here I go!—I kick the knife away from King (YES!), and I'm goin' for the home run (YES!)

—OK, I got carried away—maybe I unconsciously slipped into my alter ego as Avenger of Abused Women Everywhere. Rather than faking a blow to King's head, my foot rammed his cranium with all the impact of a homing torpedo. Man, that had to hurt! "Cut!" The crew is dead silent. King looks pissed. I feel the tears welling up in my eyes. The director is walking over to me. I'm going to get canned.

"Director Moon Collins showed a lot of flexibility with camera movement. A crew of nearly 40 technicians are preparing to shoot a climactic helicopter explosion."



is that it? "That was great! Print it!"

March 7th, 4:45 AM: Phone's ringing, wake-up call. **5:30 AM:** Our transportation has arrived. Something's wrong. I've got a bad feeling about today. **6:30 AM:** We're at the base of the mountain. Our trailers will be left behind, there's no way they could be sealed up to the location. **8:00 AM:** Breakfast, make-up, wardrobe. We're ready to start up the mountain. A van will transport us to only the end of the road, then it's on foot the rest of the way. **8:45 AM:** End of the road. The production personnel have instructed us to get out of the van and start climbing. They advise us that the ascent will be slippery as a result of the recent snow-fall. The camera equipment

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Left: Raquel Bianca's work in a Spanish film prompted her casting. Below: Nathan "out of character."



CA

MODEL-TURNED

BY DAN SCAPPEROTTI

Ancient Hollywood proverbs proclaim, "To make it in dis town, you gotta have talent, a good agent and lotta luck." Cameron Diaz has scored this triple play, parlaying a burgeoning career as a model into an acting experience. In fact, she landed a plum role in a film that may rival *THE FLINTSTONES* as this summer's boxoffice champion.

California born and bred, Diaz was raised in Long Beach where she graduated

Diaz, a fashion model (left), plays a flash n' blood "Jessica Rabbit" opposite Jim Carrey's "Mutt" (center).



MERON DIAZ

ACTRESS SIZZLES IN NEW LINE'S BIZARRE EFFECTS BLOCKBUSTER.

from Polytechnic High School in 1990. She had a burning ambition to practice as a zoologist, at least until "it" happened. "When I was 16 years old," explains Diaz, "I met a photographer at a party that a girlfriend and I went to. Of course, there were a hundred photographers there who want you to be a model. There was one guy named Jeff Dunas who gave me his card. It seemed legit so I gave him a try, and he hooked me up with my current agency, Elite. I've been with them for about five years. I fell into modeling like I fell into acting."

Diaz lacked professional training, but—after a few bumpy starts—her good looks and charismatic appeal added impetus to her career. "You learn as you go along," she modestly admits. "You watch the girls who have been doing it a little longer than you, and you watch how they do it and you basically pick it up. It's not very difficult as long as you understand that it's not really about you, it's about the clothing that you're selling in catalogues. Even the top models have to do catalogues, there are only so many campaigns they can do per year. It's more or less the catalogues that pay your rent and pay all your bills."

One assumes work, in any capacity, would be welcome in a profession that draws swarms of prospective *femmes fatales* to New York and L.A. "It's eighty or ninety percent rejection at first," claims Diaz. "Once you've worked with people, and they know who you are, a lot of things get easier.

"Modeling is 80% or 90% rejection, especially at first. There are thousands of beautiful girls just in Los Angeles, competing for the same jobs."



Jim Carrey reveals his alter ego—aka THE MASK—to co-star Meron Diaz. The actress, feeling "blasted" at the film's audition, asked to read for a smaller role.

There's a lot of rejection because there are a lot of beautiful girls in the world. There are thousands of girls, just in Los Angeles, competing for the same jobs. Most catalogues have only three or four girls that they use, so the competition is pretty fierce.

"Rejection screws you up at first because you don't know—and agents don't tell you—that, going up, you're going to be rejected. They tell you that you're a beautiful girl, you're doing very well. They don't tell you that you're going out on thirty castings this week, and you may not get one of those jobs. You just learn it

by going out all the time and realizing, 'Shot, I'm not getting any jobs!' You kind of sort it out."

Diaz has struck poses across the globe, earning assignments in Australia, the Caribbean, Mexico, Hawaii and Morocco. As a 17-year-old ingenue, Diaz's 11-day modeling stint in Japan—traveling back and forth to locations on planes and shuttles—"was the most stressful time that I had. I was trying to do my school work on the trains. It was a total nightmare. I almost had a nervous breakdown." Though an eight-month shift in Paris proved less fatiguing, Diaz admits "you really

don't have any time alone. You don't know anyone, so you have dinners with everybody. It's expected that you bond with the client, and the photographer, and entertain them. That's basically your job when you're on a trip."

"Modeling is a difficult job! You're constantly surrounded by people who are touching you, doing your hair, doing your face. You've never met these people before, so you have to learn to become friendly with them without losing part of yourself because it's such an intimate job. A lot of times, when you come home from work, you don't want to be touched, you don't want to be talked to. You have to regroup, and part of being a model is learning how to do that."

One 1993 casting call required Diaz to throw out the mannequin mode. Seated in her agent's office, Diaz "saw a script with the names of several girls who I knew on it. My agent told me it was a feature-length comedy and asked if I could handle it. I said, 'Sure, no problem.'"

The proposed character was the heroine of THE MASK. Based on a Dark Horse comic book, Jim Carrey had already been cast in the superheroic title role; introduced as Stanley Ipkiss, a nerdy bank teller, Carrey transforms into a literal looney "toon" when he slips on an ancient ceremonial mask. Diaz was competing for the role of Tina Carlyle, nightclub singer and girlfriend of tough gangster Dorian Tyrod.

Though she was initially confident, it finally dawned upon Diaz that she had nev-



An *Elle* model for the past five years, Diaz makes her film debut in *THE MASK*.

er professed to be an actress. "My commercial agent Robin Levy ended up getting me an appointment, the next day, to do a reading," she recounts. "But, that morning, I was in no mood to audition. I felt blasted. I didn't feel sexy at all. I didn't want to go and read for the part of Tina, so I asked if I could read for a smaller part that was being cast as well. I went in and read for that part. They liked me and asked if they could see me as Tina later that afternoon, and I agreed. I came back and did

the reading."

Chuck Russell, the film's director, and casting director Fern Champion were impressed with Diaz's audition. The next day, a modeling commitment prompted her departure for Paris. Three weeks into her French assignment, Diaz received a frantic phone call; it seems the prospects for the Tina role had narrowed down to four actresses. And she was one of them.

"I had to go back right away, or forfeit my opportunity," explains Diaz. "So I thought I had nothing to

"It'd be nice to see more parts for women in mainstream films. Although the roles may be good in lower budget films, people don't see them for the acting."

lose. I'd know in two days if I had the part. Then I could either stay there, and shoot the film, or come back to Paris." One month and a half and twelve readings later, Diaz was hired to play Tina. There wasn't much time to celebrate—she had to be in front of the cameras in only seven days.

Diaz, gulping at her recollection, admits the morning of her acting debut was anything but glamorous. "The first day, going to the set, I couldn't drive myself because I was too nervous. My boyfriend had to drive me down and I kept telling him to pull over—I thought I was going to be sick. I felt nauseous and I started crying and thinking, 'They're going to hate me or fire me. They're going to see they made a mistake.' My boyfriend kept encouraging and reassuring me.

"I got there and, in the first scene they shot, I was being chased down an alleyway by a limousine. The car stops and Peter Greene, who plays my boyfriend Dorian in the film, jumps out and throws me up against a wall and threatens to kill me. I was petrified going down to

the set. I already had an ulcer from waiting a month and a half to hear what was going to happen. I told Chuck I was going through Turns like nobody's business, and I was guzzling Maalex in an attempt to settle my stomach."

THE MASK was shot from July to November '93, followed by considerable post-production and blue screen work at ILM. Diaz had to interact with some state of the art special effects. Not an easy job for someone who just got her first taste of acting, especially since the interactive screen partners and props had not yet been physically "invented." "It was really difficult," exclaims Diaz. "I wasn't comfortable with it because, obviously, the special effects weren't visible while we were shooting. I could only guess what they were going to be. I was told that they're spectacular, things no one has ever seen before, so I couldn't comprehend what they were telling me. Every time they told me what was going to happen, I hoped I did well acting as if they were actually there."

As an example, Diaz

Posing with *MASK* director Chuck Russell and Jim Carrey, Diaz admits she was initially nervous. "I told Chuck I went through Turns like nobody's business."



called upon her imagination to react to a scene where Peter Greene's character was supposed to dissolve and wash down a drain (the interactive effects would be optically blended-in during post production). Diaz recalls that Carrey pitched a "spur of the moment" concept while filming on the set, he would exhale a heart-shaped smoke ring that's pierced by an arrow. The producers rushed to the phone, dialing ILM to confirm the effects wizards could create the effect.

Homage to Tex Avery is perceptible in a dance sequence; Carrey tosses Diaz into the air, where she remains for an unnaturally long time before finally plunging back down to terra firma. "I just finished singing my little torch song," laughs Diaz, "and Jim comes in, as *The Mask*, and sweeps me off my feet. We actually had stunt doubles to do the 'throwing-up in the air' and 'open' scenes for us because, obviously, I'm not a professional dancer and neither is Jim."

ILM would later optically blend-in the airborne visuals but, on the set, Carrey had to physically "catch" Diaz as she plummeted back from the illusory "heavenward toss." "That was funny because they erected this big scaffolding over Jim's head and they were going to drop me into his arms. These two huge guys picked me up, hung me over Jim's head, and dropped me. There was padding all around Jim's feet and underneath him. Jim kept saying, 'Don't worry, I can catch her. She's only 120 pounds. No problem.' But dropping 120 pounds from four feet above your head is kind of crazy and we all crashed to the floor. So we had to figure out how to do that, and make it look good. Finally,

he just threw me up above his head and caught me as I came down."

After a couple of days on the set, Diaz finally acclimated herself to the rigors of filmmaking. "It was a real pleasure going everyday to work," she nods. "I just became very confident in what I was doing once it settled in that they weren't throwing me off the job. I felt I was doing something right. I must understand the character enough to be portraying her in the way that they want me to. I haven't got in a huge fight with anybody. No one's told me I sucked, so I thought what I was doing was right. It became natural for me. Jim and Chuck and Peter were always giving me

pointers, they were all helping out a lot."

Diaz proved she was a trouper during the film's climactic sequence which "felt like it took 300 years to shoot." The setting: A charity function in the nightclub. The scenario: Tyrell, who finally gets his mitts on the mystical mask, catches Tina chatting with Ipkiss. The enraged hoodlum ties the pretty moll to a palm tree within a small pond and vows to blow up the joint, killing everyone inside.

"I was dragged to this island inside the nightclub and tethered to the palm tree with my arms duct-taped above me," Diaz recalls. "My ankles were also duct-taped, there was rope around my waist, and a

bomb was placed at my feet. The scene was supposed to take two days to shoot, but I had to remain in that position for seven straight days. I had to be tied there even if it was just my leg in the shot. It became a joke. The whole crew, of course, wanted to see me tied up to that tree. Sometimes, they would leave me there and pretend they were going to lunch."

The scene concludes with Diaz's character playing a game of deception with her captor. "I pretend to be in love with Dorian and his ego gets the better of him," explains Diaz. "After he takes off the mask to kiss me, I kick the mask out of his hand and Stanley comes in to save me. There were so many set-ups, so many different angles. It would take four hours to apply Jim's make-up."

After production was complete, Diaz encountered a more realistic cliffhanger, can a fledgling actress find work when roles for already established female stars are so damn elusive? She admits that opportunities for women are shrinking in theatrical films, though thrifty direct-to-video releases have expanded the quota of female players. "I'm not a champion for women's rights," notes Diaz. "That's not my gig. But, in a sense, the mainstream, blockbuster films don't have that many roles. It would be nice to see more parts for women there. In the lower budget films, although the roles may be good, people don't see them for the acting."

But she's hardly discouraged about a future in film; in fact, one detects a sense of genuine optimism. Until the next project materializes, Diaz has returned to modeling—a profession she now addresses as "my waitressing job." □



Diaz, pre-stardom in 1992, posing with Carrey Reed for photographer Dominic Pezzuzzi.

ABDUCTED II

continued from page 16

will be transported via dune buggy 9:00 AM: Donna and I have begun our northward journey, and it's like walking up a very steep set of stairs. After a few steps, my breathing becomes very labored. I've got another half a mile to go. Take it easy 9:30 AM: We reach the top. We see Raquel, who appears refreshed and unaffected by her climb. She runs up to us: "Hey, you guys, how did you like the buggy ride. It was fun, huh?" It's too late to recast her role, so I resist the impulse to push Raquel off the mountain. 11:00 AM: We're making the transition to the last scene of the film, a breathtaking mountaintop view of the surviving characters. The camera, mounted inside a helicopter, will be photographing an aerial shot of the three women in a victorious embrace. 11:45 AM: Collins has made it to the top of an adjacent mountain, and he's ready to board a chopper. Meanwhile, we're scrambling to be rigidly on our marks; this is an expensive scene that demands flawless precision. Dan Haggerty's "wounded" body double has prostrate a few feet away. Behind us, the remains of a "dummy" helicopter are smoldering. Dramatic stuff. The only thing Donna, Raquel and I have to do is share that triumphant hug on cue. That'll be a snap to pull off. 13:45 PM: Collins and the BOP have lifted off in their whirlybird, and we're ready to go. 12:47 PM: Louise Lawless, our first AD, just announced that he's lost contact with the director. Somehow, the radio system died. Haggerty's double is uncertain whether he's supposed to be laying on his back or his stomach. The technician, who has been assigned the crashed helicopter rig, is complaining the smoke machine won't function. 12:55 PM: Losing contact with the director prompts us to ad-lib, we keep acting out our scene over and over and over, praying he's getting it on film. Louise keeps waving at the director's helicopter. I guess everything is OK. 1:00 PM: Collins' helicopter lands on a neighboring peak. A tiny figure disembarks from the vehicle,



Between takes of *ABDUCTED II*, actor-turned animal trainer Dan "Grizzly Adams" Haggerty explains the bear hug to Debbie Rochon and Donna Jensen.

shambles to the edge of a cliff, and starts yelling. I believe it's the director. 1:35 PM: After traversing to our mountain in record time, Collins—on a search and destroy mission—is "looking" for Louise with pretty much the same demeanor that drove French peasants to "look" for Marie Antoinette and Patton to "look" for Hitler. Apparently, Collins wasn't "waving" to Louise from the chopper, so he was frantically stretching his digits and pulsing his right hand in a futile effort to signal Louise to switch the radio to channel four. This lack of communication has caused a couple of continuity problems. Haggerty's body double was supposed to be reclining on his stomach, not his back, and the "exploded" chopper remains more smoke-free than a Macdonald's restaurant. Even though I feel an overwhelming amount of sympathy for Louise, now is not the time to relay my condolences. Instead, I'll just hide in those bushes until after lunch.

March 10th, 5:50 AM: Some showbiz are in the forecast. Bad news. We're obligated to complete all exteriors by the day's conclusion, and there's a total of 18 on today's schedule. I'm praying to the golden idol of Oscar (hey, it's 5:30 in the friggin' morning, I'm already one true metaphor) to insure the safety of my remaining scenes. Donna and I have already suffered Scene Extraction Syndrome, and hope to avoid any relapses. My chief regret is that a poignant, non-action scene

was struck from the script as a result of time constraints. This omission involved an emotional brawl, between Donna and myself, which draws to a close with a life-affirming embrace.

We're very elated, however, that Collins jettisoned the "lake scene." Its wildly imaginative premise went something like this: while the women are scouting for a location to pitch their tent, they happen upon a beautiful lake and proceed to playfully splash one another. Not only taking the frigid weather into account, the director dropped the scene as a result of its unnecessary and exploitative (wet T-shirt) element. Collins is confident that our film can "coast" on suspense and character development and, thank you, we can survive without the vegetarians. Now, that's marks.

2 PM: They've been spending a lot of time on King's "suspension bridge" scene. Genna has a long day. I'd better find the coffee urn and doughnuts.

March 12th: There's a knock on the trailer door, it's my 10-minute call. Today's the last shooting day, no doubt about it; a "Bye-bye" inscription is printed at the top of the call sheet.

The atmosphere is thick with sentiment. Promises of continued friendship slip through our lips in an attempt to avoid the inevitable separation pain. Summoning up Sharon for her final on-camera appearance, I realize our head will soon be broken. I've shot numerous crying scenes during the past three weeks, but today

I'm numb and unable (or unwilling) to show any sign of vulnerability. If I start crying now, I won't stop. There's another knock on the door—I'm needed on the set for the last time.

We're shooting my abduction scene. Here's the setup: En route to the tent, after relieving myself in the wilderness, I'm grabbed by King. He's supposed to drag me out of the frame. It's simplicity personified. No special effects, no body doubles. Unlike the mountain mishap (March 7th), we're shooting interiors with complete control over the lighting and climate. All I have to do is walk down a path erected on a sound stage. (Wait a minute I didn't study acting for seven years just to make an exit with a strut. This is my big finish, the last round-up, the final curtain call. The scene could use a bit of embellishment, the cast and crew may very well applaud some improvisation.) The director calls for "Action!" I walk down the path and—POW!—King grabs me. I respond by tossing up a roll of toilet paper. As my head disappears from view, the camera focuses upon the foreboding presence of a spinning roll of tissue.

"Cut!" It appears my Hitchcock homage isn't appreciated. (Can you believe it? Nobody can connect the "toilet paper" reference to one of Hitchcock's most beloved classics.) During my retake, sans Scottisum, I hit all my marks and please the director.

EPILOGUE April 17th, morning: I have the opportunity to embrace my Sharon character for one last time during an ADR (Additional Dialogue Recording) session. We're laying down voice tracks to match the MOS shots (scenes shot without sound because background noises—a cascading waterfall, a huzzing airplane—would have intruded upon the soundtrack). I was quite surprised to screen my work for the first time. My character oscillates from laughing to wailing, experiencing terror and finally triumph.

Evening
Production on *ABDUCTED II* is officially complete. Ingrid, Maria, Sharon and

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Vern now dually exist as images on film and credits on four different acting resumes. Matter of fact, it was only tonight that I've finally decided to release Sharon. But I'm letting her go with some reluctance. After all, she had the freedom to evolve and express herself in a buccolic Twilight Zone, even settling the score with a male oppressor (she kicks Vern's butt in the fade-out) I'll miss her.

One week later:
Denna, Rasquel and I meet at a photography studio to shoot the ad and poster campaign. We learn that **ABDUCTED II: THE REUNION** will be screened at Cannes and Milan's MIFED festival, and that Dan Haggerty will be promoting the film in Vegas. But I'm not going to sit around and wait for the reviews. Tomorrow, I'm calling Arrow and pitch them a concept for **ABDUCTED III**. OK, stop me if you've heard this one, but my plot involves a red-headed female writer-associate editor who travels into the wilderness with a word processor and an M16, and—

JEWEL SHEPARD

continued from page 18
just jump up, rip open my jacket, and yell out, "I LOVE CANDY!" while displaying the T-shirt. You can bet that stunt would have impressed either Candy or gotten my butt kicked by the burly bouncer named Beef.

Look, all you guys need to know is that Jewel Shepard is totally cool...a guy's chick, if you know what I mean. She can really hang. If I were marooned on a deserted island for a year, I would have no problem getting by if Jewel was included in the deal. Well, Jewel and maybe some Candy.

RAGIN' JASON

continued from page 31
can kill you. I feel sorry for people who make it right away. They don't have the resources to handle it. I don't mind taking my time because I'm cultivating a system that will save my life. The Chinese philosophy resonates with what I believe in 100%: taking care of your mind, body, and—most importantly—your soul. If I don't become rich and famous until I'm 50, hey, that would be OK."

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JUNE WILKINSON

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More recently, the actress has proven a draw at Los Angeles memorabilia shows. "You never think you're old enough to be 'memorabilia,'" smiles Wilkinson. "But the main reason I declined doing them, at least until five or six years ago, was that you sit there and sell your autographed pictures. I always thought, 'Oh my God, how embarrassing if I sit there and nobody comes up.' I went through my filing cabinet of stuff and just filled a bag. I spread it out on the table and couldn't believe the money I made! My regret is that I threw out a lot of stuff that would've been worth money to these collectors...magazines that I posed for, a letter from Gypsy Rose Lee...unbelievable!"

"I also meet a lot of people at these shows whom I haven't seen in years. One of them was Walter Reed, who played my father in *MACUMBA LOVE*. Another was John Agar, who performed with me in *PYJAMA TOPS* at the Seattle World's Fair. It's like having a party and being paid for it at the same time."

Wilkinson's also plunged into merchandising. A Piece of History is publishing "limited edition prints" of her glamour covers. "The Bosen" is also included in the Digest Dolls trading card set, and will be featured in Steve Sullivan's coffee table book, *The Golden Age of Glamour Girls*.

The renewed interest in Wilkinson's career may be manifested in another medi-



"I guess my reinvention was that people thought I was a model who started acting. But I had stage training since I was a child."

um. "The one project that is sort of on the sets right now is a TV series," she explains. "If it gets an 'OK' for the pilot, then I'm going to be in it. Nothing is definite with those things and even if they go to pilot, it's not definite it'll get on the air."

We have one final meeting at a restaurant. It's a frost-biting five degrees above zero. Wilkinson, looking churlish as she brushes snow from her jacket, makes it clear she's her own worst critic and

the first to admit that her movies have been unflatteringly branded as "cult classics." But this actress has successfully realized a more rewarding goal. "I think people are impressed that I'm still here, still making a living, and packing in audiences. When you think of all the girls who came out in my time, the so-called Glamour Queens, how many are making a living? I've had staying power and that means you've got something going for you." □



Posing for Russ Meyer: One time I fell asleep on the beach. Russ sprinkled sand on my body and took my favorite picture."



"Russ Meyer was in love with Eek, his wife, when he shot these pictures."

Femme Fatales

Feb 1994

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